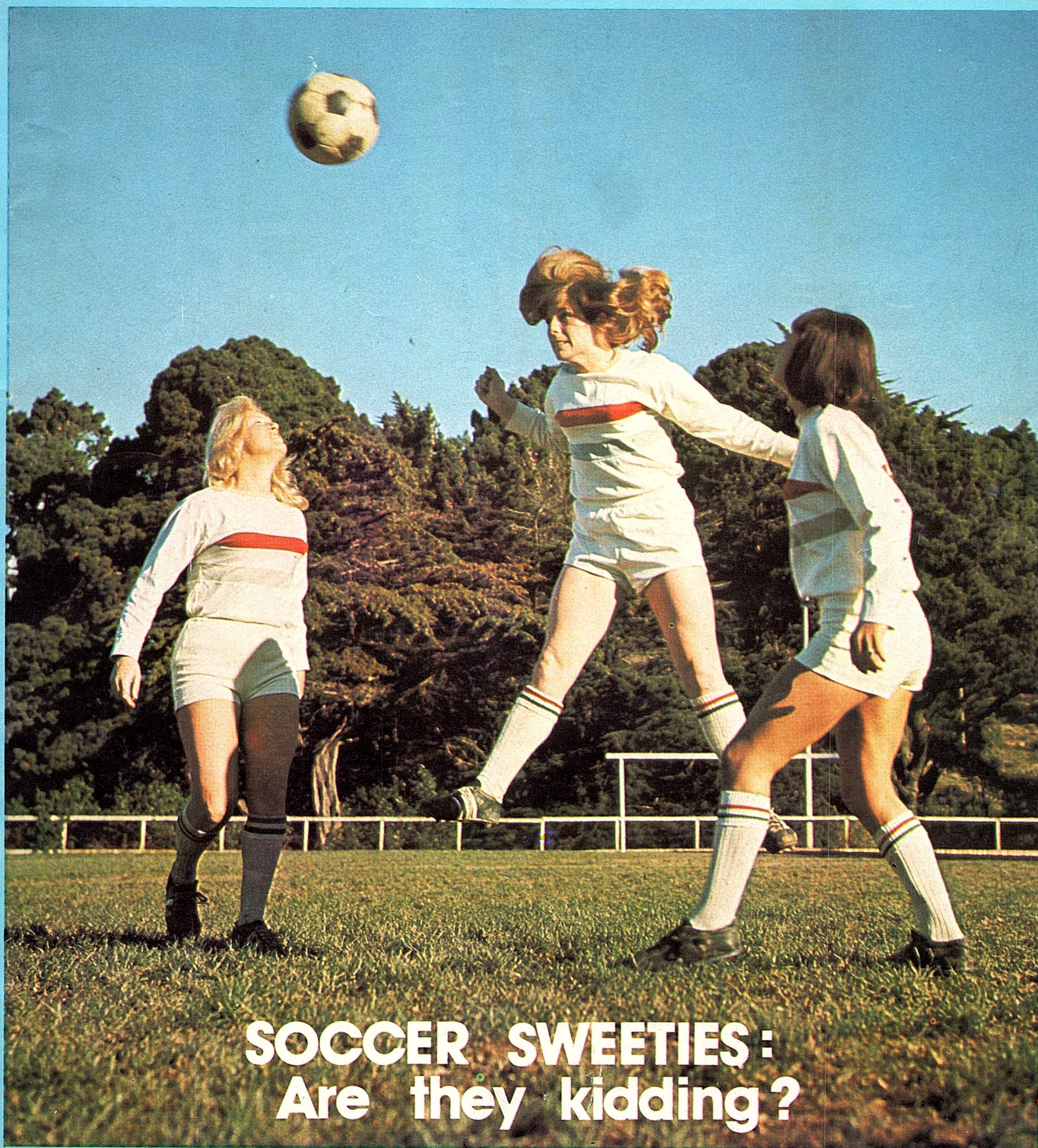


SPORTS DIGEST

SEPTEMBER 1973 20 CENTS



SOCCER SWEETIES:
Are they kidding?

THIS lineout 'take' by Graeme Cocks is two-handed, it's clean — and it's Marlborough's. A scene from Lancaster Park when Marlbro' rugby reached its crest on July 28. Our despatch from Ranfurly Shield country appears on page 2 of this issue. Peter Bush took the picture.



september, 1973 ★ issue 293

SPORTS DIGEST

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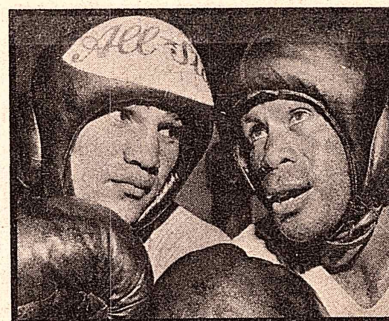
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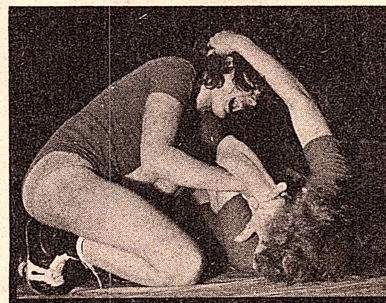
Cover photograph by Peter Bush.



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Marlbro' grabbed gods' offerings
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SON of the 1946-49 All Black Morrie Goddard, first five-eighth Tony Goddard was welcomed by Marlborough when neither Wellington nor Canterbury wanted him. He is seen here (No. 10) attempting to elude the Canterbury defence (that's his opposite number Doug Bruce on right) in the shield challenge in which his dropped goal gave Marlborough a lead they never surrendered.

MARLBRO

By Phil Campbell

took
what
the gods
offered

WITH about as much tact as if he'd offered a whisky to a temperance crusader, a radio commentator in Christchurch asked Ray Sutherland, after his Marlborough XV had just toppled Canterbury for the Ranfurly Shield on Lancaster Park, if he was happy that Marlborough's points were scored by former Canterbury men.

What did he expect Sutherland to say? That he'd give the shield back? That he'd play them again minus his Canterbury importations?

Sutherland could have asked the commentator in return how he felt about the fact that Canterbury's try was scored by a Hawkes Bay 'B' player!

Many of Marlborough's players would not have had



HERE a couple who were not imported but rather Marlborough born and bred. They're the Sutherland brothers doing it together, All Black Alan on left and captain Ray (with ball).

FLYING winger Brian Ford from Kaikoura played for Canterbury only because of the imposition of certain union boundaries, but once it was decided that Kaikoura was to be within Marlborough boundaries, Ford went where he belonged.



the chance to play regular first-class rugby had they been in other provinces.

The winger, Jack Davie, had several games for Wellington 'B' and a match for the first team but his chances of playing for the Capital would have been considered remote when he went south.

Bryan Dwyer, the flanker, was captain of the Christchurch Marist side which included the 1970 All Black Jake Burns. But he didn't get a Canterbury jersey.

Tony Goddard, whose dropped goal gave Marlborough a lead they did not give up, had a solitary game (as a replacement) for Wellington and has represented South Canterbury.

Marlborough, with only eight senior clubs, doesn't have the depth to carry it through a season should injuries occur to key players. The Marlborough Colts were well beaten, 23-0, by Wellington Colts only a few weeks ago.

Consequently it is pleased to welcome a little stiffening from the occasional 'import' — what 'minor union' isn't?

And even Canterbury has seen nothing wrong in 'borrowing' Alan Stewart and Alistair Hopkinson from South Canterbury, Hamish Macdonald and Ian Kirkpatrick from Poverty Bay, Bill Birtwistle from Waikato, Duncan Hales from Hawke's Bay, Billy Bush from North Auckland, Chris Laidlaw (briefly) from Otago, Brent Elder from Wairarapa, Ian Hurst from North Otago, Doug Bruce from Mid-Canterbury and numerous others. Even Yoshihiro Sakata from Japan!

Especially these days, young men tend to move about the country, changing or transferring in their place of work. I haven't yet heard of the union who refused the services of a good player and Marlborough's little coterie of 'imports' pales by comparison with the regular influx of captures from outside that Canterbury and other 'major' unions enjoy.

And whatever might have happened on Lansdowne Park, Blenheim, since these lines were written, Marlborough rugby has had its taste of glory.

The glories of July 28, 1973, when Canterbury was shocked and relieved of the Ranfurly Shield, can never be taken away or erased from the record and, moreover, in these days of talk of other methods of finding a true provincial champion side, Marlborough has helped prove the true merits of the present Shield system.

There have been many

knockers of the system over recent years, mainly because the efforts of minor unions to lift the trophy off big brother generally have been abortive.

Yet if the present system were to be abolished, none of these so-called minor unions would get as much as a look at the Shield, especially if any new system was on an elimination basis.

Marlborough's historic 13-6 win over Canterbury didn't come as quite the shock to me as did their 36-0 larruping of Wairarapa-Bush in the first defence of it.

Everyone knew Marlborough was a good side. The previous season the "red shirts", as they have been dubbed for years in Marlborough, beat top dogs Auckland and Otago — their 'A' teams, to boot.

Surprising, then, that Wairarapa-Bush coach, Ivan Aitkenhead told a Wellington newspaper that he had underestimated Marlborough. Under-estimated them, he said — after they had beaten Canterbury! On Lancaster Park! For the Ranfurly Shield!

It was Canterbury who had done the under-estimating, even though it could be conceded that the shield-holders had less evidence of Marlborough's potentialities than Wairarapa-Bush had.

But with the many Canterbury folk to whom I spoke before the match on Lancaster Park during *that* weekend, nearly all rated Marlborough about as fearsome as the Cookie Monster on the Sesame Street television show.

Marlborough's real heroes against Canterbury were the craggy-faced captain, Ray Sutherland, who eclipsed the recent All Black, Hamish Macdonald; Alan Sutherland, Ray's younger brother who was smouldering over his omission from the All Black team for the internal tour, and the other lock, Graeme Cocks.

Ray Sutherland had his first game for Marlborough at 17 and has played every season since. In fact, up till the Wairarapa-Bush game, he had played in 116 consecutive games.

But Sutherland hadn't much yen for rugby; it was as a sculler he wanted to excel. In the past two seasons, however, with hopes of becoming a New Zealand sculling titleholder evaporated, Sutherland's deeds for Marlborough at rugby are just as Homeric as those of his celebrated All Black brother.

Much has been written and said of Alan Sutherland. It is known that, because of his forthrightness, he has not earned total acceptance by

factions on the New Zealand Rugby Union.

But he has been one of New Zealand's great All Blacks, certainly the most versatile, having played as a No. 8 (his preference), flanker and lock. And in the seven-a-side tournament celebrating the Scottish Rugby Union's 75th jubilee at Edinburgh this year, Alan Sutherland played prop for New Zealand.

Then there's Graeme Cocks, the uncomplicated, cheerful schoolteacher from Pine Valley, 26 miles inland from Blenheim. Cocks three seasons ago played for South Canterbury and had one particularly good game against the then All Black, Alistair Hopkinson, who played for Canterbury.

Cocks has been useful for Marlborough, too, as a goal-kicker. Last season he was two off a century of first-class points and this season looks well on the way to the magic hundred.

Cocks is very accurate inside a 45-yard radius. "I don't have any special technique," he told me. "I just take three steps back for the short ones and a couple more for the long ones."

But one unsung player in the side is the rugged and uncompromising prop, Jim Joseph, who missed Maori All Black selection this season, a younger player being preferred.

Joseph has the mettle and the character which have marked the play of some of New Zealand's great props. It was his late start in rugby at provincial level which probably precluded his ever being an All Black.

For example, Joseph's programmed age is 32, but it's not quite certain who is the oldest forward in first-class rugby this year — Joseph or the veteran Northlander, Laly Haddon, or even the immortal Colin Meads, who reappeared briefly against his beloved All Blacks in August.

However, the "regal red shirts", as they're now called in Marlborough, would not have achieved the Ranfurly Shield without first the guidance of their coaches, Ralph Caulton, the wiry All Black winger of 1959-64, and Doug Saul, the forward coach.

Their doctrine has been fundamental: gain confidence in doing the simple things first, then everything will come much easier for executing attacking moves through various ploys.

Marlborough's achievement this season was in winning the shield, and as I say, that's something that can't be taken from them, regardless of whether it has remained, or remains, in their possession.



SID GOING

SPORTS DIGEST—THIRTY-ONE

Reason's Reason

By BRIAN O'BRIEN

GOOD reason though we have in this country to detest the gross parochialism of the English rugby critic John Reason—a critic, he is, of everything about New Zealand rugby and its players — one could not help a wry smile at the last two sentences in Reason's article in *Rugby News* of August 22.

Speaking of one of his pet subjects, namely, Sid Going's methods of putting the ball into the scrum, Reason concluded with: "Forget about Peter Sloane being an All Black contender until he wins the ball when Sid Going puts the ball in against him."

"If you want to find the best hooker in New Zealand, look for the lad who does best against North Auckland."

I'm sure Reason would have been delighted to learn that when the All Blacks (with Sloane as hooker) were defeated by the N.Z.R.F.U. President's XV (with Sid Going as half-back) at Wellington on August 4, the tight-head count favoured a virtually unknown New Zealand Junior who hooked for the President's side, one John Black, who is not even in the Canterbury team, against the All Black Sloane by the wide margin of five to nil.

"I could have told you that in advance," I can almost hear Reason chortling. "This time, Going and Sloane were on opposite sides!"

RUGBY'S 727 ALL BLACKS

READING it alphabetically, from H. L. Abbott (Taranaki) to F. B. Young (Wellington), the Roll of Honour of New Zealand rugby representatives embraces 727 names (plus any newcomer capped in this month's international against England).

Reviewed by Brian O'Brien

It also includes three 'honorary' All Blacks, the Australians E. T. Stapleton (N.S.W.), M. G. Graham (N.S.W.) and J. Hendry (Western Australia). In 1960, 1960 and 1970 respectively, they assisted All Black teams calling in on Australian stop-overs en route to South Africa, and which fielded two sides on the same day and filled the gaps locally.

All the many names appear in Arthur Swan's *They Played for New Zealand*, a detailed record of each New Zealand rugby representative, and his matches in the colours, from the first match in 1884 to the latest this year.

The Sid Goings and Tane Nortons whose names are household words today are there mingling with forgotten but colourful names of generations now lost in the shrouds of passing years — the Nisbet McRobies and the Hart Udys.

The most oft-printed name in the list is that of Wilson, ten of whom appear, and there are various Clarkes, Clarks and Smiths — and even three O'Briens, Joe, Jack and Jim, the 1914-20 All Black full-back Jack being my own father's cousin.

To digress for a moment in my family pride, Jack O'Brien's remarkable fielding of a rugby ball once brought enthusiastic praise from King Edward VIII, then the Prince of Wales.

"If I dropped my kitbag from the dome of St Paul's," said His Royal Highness after watching the 1919 New Zealand Army side win yet another match in Britain before their South African tour, "O'Brien would catch it!"

This is the third edition of a book previously published in 1947 and 1963 and because of the illness of Mr Swan, the New Zealand Rugby Union's official historian, his co-editor in 39 years of publication of the *Rugby Almanack of New Zealand*, Arthur Carman, has updated the work by including the records of 1972-73 touring All Blacks.

The slim paperback includes some interesting scor-

ing and match appearance records.

We learn from these that the leading scorers for New Zealand (that is, all matches played by All Black sides) are Don Clarke (781pts), Fergie McCormick (443pts), Billy Wallace (379pts), Mark Nicholls (284pts), Bob Scott (242pts), and Ron Jarden (213pts). They are the 200-or-more group and a further 21 players also have exceeded 100 points.

The leading try-scorer for New Zealand, with 49, is Taranaki's legendary Jimmy Hunter, who scored 44 tries from the five-eighth position on the 1905 All Blacks tour of Britain, France and Canada. Among the moderns, Malcolm Dick's 42 tries stack up exceptionally well, and Dick alone has followed Hunter past the 40 mark.

Only one player, the book tells us, has exceeded 100 matches for New Zealand and he is another legendary player, and in his own lifetime. It's Colin Meads, of course, with 132 matches from 1957 to 1971 inclusive.

Had it not been for the motor smash and the broken back, indeed, we'd think that 'Piney' would have reached the century and a half by now!

Well behind him come Don Clarke (89 matches), Kel Tremain (86), Ian Clarke (83 — a magnificent family achievement!), Wilson Whineray (77 — all bar eight as captain, and another superb family achievement in that his brother captained New Zealand too — at hockey!) and today's All Black skipper, Ian Kirkpatrick (74), with 19 others having reached 50 matches.

Meads, *They Played for New Zealand* reminds us, is also the only New Zealand representative to achieve 50 test matches with his great total of 55. He is, as a matter of fact, the only one to reach 40 for the nearest player to him on the test appearance list is Tremain, way back on the still impressive figure of 38.

Whineray is on 32 and Don Clarke on 31, followed by eleven others with 20 or more test appearances. Sid Going will have reached 20 if he played against the Englishmen this month.

All the New Zealand captains are listed, including those who led the All Blacks in matches on tours while not actually the official captains of touring sides. As an example, Alex Wyllie was captain of the team against Com-

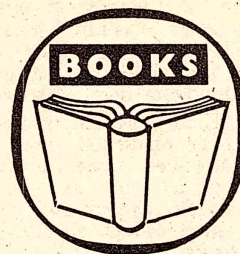
bined Services on the last U.K. tour.

What this list reveals, then, is that no fewer than 83 players have led New Zealand sides onto the field — from W. V. Millton of Canterbury in 1884 to I. A. Kirkpatrick of Poverty Bay in 1973.

Relationships of All Blacks also are noted by Mr Swan, who reveals in a complete list that 27 sets of brothers and seven pairs of fathers and sons have worn the national jersey.

Outstanding families were the Nicholls of Wellington

and Brownlies of Hawkes Bay, each of whom provided New Zealand representative sides with three brothers, and the Browns of Taranaki and Auckland and the Purdues of Southland, in each of which two brothers were All Blacks and one of the brothers also had a son capped.



New Zealand 8, England 1

ENGLAND and New Zealand were to have played their tenth rugby international at Eden Park, Auckland, on September 15. On the eve of the match, the score stood at New Zealand, eight wins (113 points), England, one win (52 points), even though seven of the tests were played in England. Details of the matches follow.

● 1905-06:

New Zealand 15 (D. McGregor 4, F. Newton, tries) beat England 0, at Crystal Palace.

● 1924-25:

New Zealand 17 (K. S. Svenson, J. Steel, M. J. Brownlie, J. H. Parker, tries; M. F. Nicholls, conv., pen. goal) beat England 11 (R. Cove-Smith, H. J. Kittermaster, tries; G. S. Conway, conv.; L. J. Corbett, pen. goal), at Twickenham.

● 1935-36:

England 13 (A. Obolensky 2, H. S. Sever, tries; P. Cranmer, dropped goal) beat New Zealand 0, at Twickenham.

● 1953-54:

New Zealand 5 (G. N. Dalzell, try; R. W. H. Scott, conv.) beat England 0, at Twickenham.

● 1963:

New Zealand 21 (R. W. Caulton 2, D. B. Clarke, tries; Clarke, 3 conv., pen. goal, dropped goal) beat England 11 (J. M. Ranson, try; R. W. Hosen, conv., 2 pen. goals), at Auckland.

New Zealand 9 (D. W. McKay, P. T. Walsh, tries; D. B. Clarke, goal from mark) beat England 6 (M. S. Phillips, try; R. W. Hosen, pen. goal), at Christchurch.

● 1963-64:

New Zealand 14 (R. W. Caulton, C. E. Meads, tries; D. B. Clarke, conv., 2 pen. goals) beat England 0, at Twickenham.

● 1967-68:

New Zealand 23 (E. W. Kirton 2, W. M. Birtwistle 2, C. R. Laidlaw, tries; W. F. McCormick, 4 conv.) beat England 11 (R. H. Lloyd, 2 tries; D. Rutherford, conv.; P. J. Larter, pen. goal), at Twickenham.

● 1972-73:

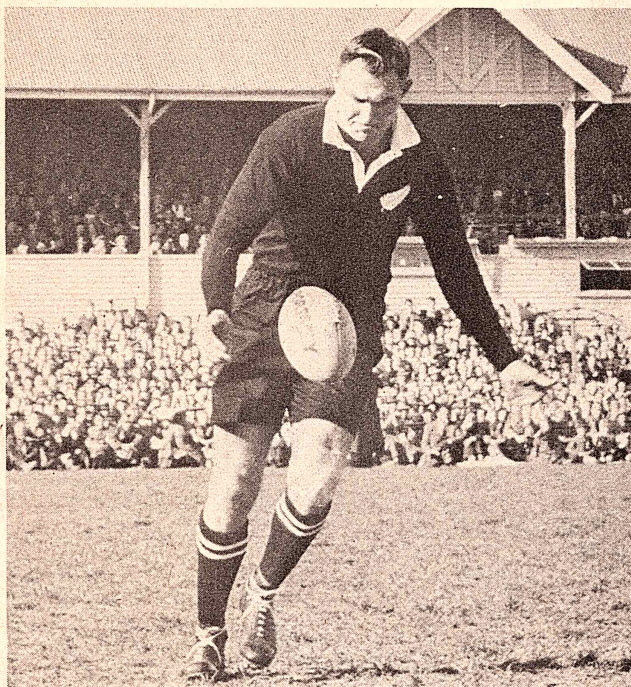
New Zealand 9 (I. A. Kirkpatrick, try; J. F. Karam, conv.; B. G. Williams, dropped goal) beat England 0, at Twickenham.



FERGIE, the inimitable. His 29 points against Wanganui wasn't a match record but he has some chance of supplanting Don Clarke as the greatest points-scorer of all time in New Zealand rugby.

POINTS POINTS and still more POINTS

tall scorers' picnic



DON CLARKE . . . 1851 points in danger?

FOR Canterbury in its 65-16 defeat of an injury-weakened Wanganui at Christchurch on August 20, veteran All Black full-back Fergie McCormick just failed to set a new individual scoring record for his province when he ran up 29 points from two tries, nine conversions and penalty goal.

Although one press report spoke of Fergie's "record" tally, the true record-holder for Canterbury is S. K. ('Buddy') Henderson, who had amassed 30 points for the province

against Buller at Christchurch in 1959 when he scored a try, a dropped goal, two penalty goals and nine conversions, playing in the second five-eighth position.

Henderson set a New Zealand record as well that day, and he broke the old Canterbury and New Zealand mark of 27 points he'd scored only two weeks before against the Combined Services, a national record he shared with Ron Jarden of Wellington.

Henderson's 30-pointer, while it still stands for Canterbury, was bettered as a national mark by Graham Wallis, an ex-Cantab who, playing for Wellington against Wairarapa-Bush in 1971 at Wellington, scored four tries and kicked five conversions and three penalty goals to run up 31 points.

Yet this season Wallis has not been first or even second choice goal-kicker for the province, who have used the All Black full-back Joe Karam and the New Zealand trialist second five-eighth Richard Cleland (leading scorer this season in Wellington club rugby) ahead of him.

Wallis's record was to last only 15 days more than a year when in late September of 1972, the Counties full-back, Jim Graham, booted 14 conversions and three penalty goals for a personal contribution of 37 points, and a new

Will Fergie beat Don Clarke?

FERGIE McCormick's 29 points against Wanganui may not have broken any scoring records for New Zealand or for Canterbury. But they did bring the irrepressible 34-year-old closer to the all-time career points record.

Said record, a mammoth 1851 points (22 tries, 366 conversions, 320 penalty goals, 28 dropped goals and 3 goals from 'marks'), is held by no other than 'the boot' himself, Donald Barry Clarke, the Waikato and All Black colossus of kick.

But Fergie is creeping up. At the beginning of this season, he was in second place to Clarke with 1703 points (Mick Williment, 1255, is the only other into four figures) and the Wanganui haul brought his total this year to 63 points (3 tries, 12 conversions, 9 penalty goals) and thus his career score to 1766, or only 85 points short of Clarke's staggering record.

At that stage, Fergie could look forward to a further seven matches this season, namely Canterbury fixtures with South Canterbury, Manawatu, Otago, England, Counties, Wellington and Auckland.

He'd thus need to average a little over 12 points per match, and that's some average. Of course, there's always another season. But for McCormick at 34, is there?

Already Richard Wilson from his province is the New Zealand Juniors' full-back, and a thoroughly competent one. So, to be on the safe side, if Fergie aspires to Don's great record, perhaps he'd better aim for that 12-point average in his remaining matches this winter.

As for the possibility of others joining Clarke, McCormick and Williment on the 1000 points or more list, those closest at the start of the season were Ken Going (North Auckland) on 685 and Laurie Mains (Otago) on 568. Both were past the 50 mark for the current year by early August.

But the speed with which young Joe Karam (Wellington) reached his 500 (he put up 328 points alone in the twelve months of 1972-73 and was on 594 when he left for England on August 18) suggests that it could be he who outsprints both Going and Mains to the post.

record, toward his union's New Zealand record 101-7 rout of East Coast at Pukekohe.

Graham's record was not boosted in any way by the increase in the value of a try to four points, even if Counties' 101 was.

The national mark has been traced back as far as Karl Ifwersen, who scored 24 points for Auckland against Wellington at Auckland in 1922 (a try, a penalty and nine conversions).

Ifwersen's figure subsequently was equalled by Rewi Cundy (Wairarapa) against Bush Districts at Masterton in 1928; by Fred Fuller, also of Wairarapa, who scored his 24 against Hawkes Bay at Carterton in 1930; by Bob Scott (Auckland) against King Country at Auckland in 1946 (on the way to the first individual century since World

War II); and by Ron Jarden (Wellington) against Wairarapa at Wellington in 1954.

Just when it seemed that 24 points was going to defy the efforts of all the great points-getters, the very year after he had joined the other record-holders in that figure Jarden raised the ceiling to 27 points against Southland at Wellington (three days later scoring 25 points against Auckland at Auckland, which also exceeded the old record).

Then came Henderson with his 27 points for Canterbury against Combined Services in 1959 and his 30 points almost immediately afterward against Buller.

And, since then, Wallis's 31 (he had 23 points in the first half alone) and Graham's 37. It's getting like running and swimming records. Is there an ultimate somewhere?



RON JARDEN . . . always up with the scoring records.

Tony Steel in All Black days.

SYDNEY — Tony Steel, the New Zealand sprint champion who also played as an All Black wing-three-quarter in 1966-67-68, touring the British Isles, France and Australia, is the latest critic to blast the system of rugby selection which obtains in Australia, where they allow a selector to sit on only one panel.

Steel, who played 23 matches in the All Black jersey (including nine tests), settled in Australia, where he accepted a teaching post in Brisbane soon after touring the country with the 1968 All Blacks.

From Brisbane, he is reported as saying that the selection process in Australia is "grossly ineffective and detrimental to the performance of the Australian national team".

"Sydney, New South Wales and N.S.W. Country each has its own selection panel," said Steel, who scored 20 tries for New Zealand and set a record with tries in five consecutive test matches — the second, third and fourth against the 1966 Lions, the Jubilee Test of 1967 against Australia, and in the First Test against the Wallabies at Sydney in '68.

"Collectively this comprises 15 men and the obvious drawback in having three panels without any formal link is that it leads to inconsistency and this eventually shows in the performance of the side," added the former Canterbury flier, now 31.

No doubt he was thinking of the New Zealand system, in which the conveners of both North and South Island panels come together with a third and independent chairman to form the national panel.



All Black wing critical of Aussie selection methods

Steel's feeling on the matter is shared by many rugby union officials in Australia but all attempts to have the system revert to what it was have been defeated by sectional interests.

Dick Tucker reports in the *Sydney Daily Mirror* that the Northern Suburbs club in Sydney tried it earlier this year but because it requires an amendment to the constitution it was again knocked back.

Only compromise that did come about was that the state and national selectors were invited to sit in on Sydney discussions, Tucker points out.

But this was, in effect, even more ridiculous because no matter how forcibly they argued they could not vote.

Tracing back to why the system was changed in 1967, it appears the main reason was Sydney selectors might become too biased toward Sydney players.

The more selectors there were, the more eyes there were to see more players, it was claimed.

Now, working on that thinking, how can it be rationalised that the three N.S.W. selectors (all from Sydney) can be less parochial at state level than at Sydney level?

Similarly, it can be argued about Sydney's John Bain, Country's Bob Barry and Queensland's Bob Templeton at Australian level.

The simple truth is that Bain, if he is good enough to be Australian chairman, should hold a similar position on the Sydney and state panels.

To make the flow-on complete, Barry should be chairman of Country and on the state committee and the same should go for Templeton in Queensland.

On the question of performances since the change, Australia's international record since 1967 has never been worse.

Meanwhile, Australian rugby comes under further fire from Jim Webster, one of Sydney's better informed columnists on the game.

Webster claims that it is foolish of the Australian Rugby Union to agree to playing the first match of its coming tour of Britain against what he sees as "probably the toughest side they will meet, outside the tests".

He refers to the match against South-east England, which appears to be a new county combination from the customary groupings. But Webster's concern appears to stem from the fact that this South-east England side will include all the London clubs and he sees it as "only

marginally weaker than England's test team".

"The Wallabies' chances of winning this match are about 20-1," Webster says, "and with the defeat the team's confidence will be shattered, perhaps irreparably."

"It will be possible for South-East England to draw from such famous clubs as Harlequins, Richmond, London Welsh, Blackheath, Wasps, Rosslyn Park and Saracens for its players.

"The match will be played at Bournemouth on Wednesday, October 24, five days after the Wallabies arrive in London.

"The players are sure to be greatly inconvenienced by shin soreness after arriving there.

"It is a normal complaint with the change from the hard grounds of Australia to the softer ones of Britain, and is crippling in more serious cases.

"So while trying to combat shin soreness and with only five days' training together as a team, the Wallabies will be required to play against a non-test team as hard as any there is.

"Only the ARU could agree to such an opening for a tour, as they did when the Wallabies opened their tour in New Zealand last year against Otago. They were thrashed 26-0.

"The *New Zealand Rugby Annual* commented: "You could imagine the rumpus if the All Blacks were asked to commence their British tour against Cardiff. Yet, amazingly, the Wallabies meekly agreed to play Otago on Carisbrook in the first of their 13 matches. It ensured a defeat the minute the itinerary was accepted."

"Just as meekly the ARU has agreed to the game against South-east England, for the first of their eight matches in England and Wales and a ninth against Italy in Rome.

"The 25 players for the tour will leave for London on Thursday, October 18, almost certainly one match down before they start."

"I don't know about the Australians," comments editor Brian O'Brien, "for their tour is, after all, no more than an abbreviated one and there can be few easy games on those jaunts. But what of last year's All Blacks, who in their first three matches played Western Counties, built on the county champions, Gloucestershire, then Llanelli and Cardiff? Australia can not be the only Rugby Union where they do not always look too closely at the tour itineraries offered them."]

A Yankee look at kids' Saturday football

Last month in 'Sports Digest', Dan Kelly commented on opinions expressed by the All Black, Chris Laidlaw on children of tender years in rugby. Here's another view—from an American in Australia.

IN his preliminary look at All Black Chris Laidlaw's book, 'Mud In Your Eye', Dan Kelly made reference to Laidlaw's comments on New Zealand parents' attitude toward small boys playing rugby on Saturday mornings. Does it tend toward the same style in Australia, too, with children being pushed too soon into sport in order to satisfy parents' repressed competitive instincts? Bob Creamer, a *Sports Illustrated* (U.S.) journalist who recently visited Australia, wandered round a Sydney park watching kids play football, mainly soccer and rugby league. "Parents everywhere," he noted.

"Here were the kids, ram-paging up and down the field, deadly serious in their pursuit of fun. And here were the parents, even more serious, and maybe more deadly," wrote Creamer in a Sydney paper before he returned home.

"Get on him! Get on him!" shouted a middle-aged man from the sideline, his face furious. "Get on side! Get on side!"

"Andrew Johnson," a stern voice called out. "GET ON SIDE!"

"You goat!" yelled another.

"The middle-aged man turned to his companion and said angrily: 'You'd think they'd never played football before, the way they're playing.'"

"This was rugby league for under-10's, grizzled, hardened nine-year-old veterans of the game.

"It sounded just like home, like the Little League baseball or Pop Warner boy's football.

"Here was a pretty young mother, saying nothing, but winning noticeably when her David disappeared under a horde of tacklers. Here was Sally, possibly 11, cheerfully shouting encouragement to a younger brother.

"And here was the coach at half-time, calling his team together. 'Come on, come on. Run over. You haven't run that hard this half.'"

"Pathetic!" he snapped. "Hopeless! You're playing like old women!"

"He picked up a cardboard box and from it took segments of orange, which he tossed one by one to his troops, like someone feeding a kennel of pups.

"He announced changes in the side for the second half.

"Peter, off," he said to a well-built boy who seemed to be one of the best on the side. Peter looked at the coach non-committally.

"You've been off-side all day," the coach said, his voice rising. "I told you what would happen. Off!"

"I tip my hat to the adults who take an interest in children's sports, who raise money for uniforms, who volunteer to coach and referee, who work out schedules, who take care of the myriad of detail.

"And surely, the presence of so many kids out on the grass under the sun, running and kicking and savouring the excitement of physical effort and lively competition is good.

"But the question inevitably arises: are all the highly organised children's activities done for the children, or for ourselves, as a sort of vicarious accomplishment?

"We do the same in America with our boys' baseball and football. Indeed, in some areas of the United States, high school football is literally more important to the adults of the community than anything else.

"Please do not assume from all this that I necessarily agree that you should abandon kids' football. I don't know enough about this complicated subject to have an opinion, and I have heard convincing arguments for both sides.

"But once in a while you can't help wondering what we are doing with our children. I mean, sports are supposed to be fun."

people



SPORTS DIGEST'S camera was at the marriage in Wellington last month of the exciting young All Black threequarter Grant Batty (left) to Jill Barber, like Batty a Wairarapa product and sister of Robbie Barber, former New Zealand boxing champion. Grant's best man was his Marist-St Pat's, Wellington, N. Z. Juniors and All Black team-mate, Joe Karam, now in England, with the groom's sister (on right) bridesmaid.

Reviewed by DAN KELLY:

Listen . . . ! It's a goal

LISTEN . . . ! IT'S A GOAL! by Winston McCarthy. Published by Pelham Books, London. \$5.00.

IS THIS the authentic voice of New Zealand rugby? It is certainly its most notable. In the ten years or so after the war, beginning with the tour of the Kiwis to Britain and France immediately after the war and continuing, if intermittently toward the end, until 1959, the voice of 'Scotty' McCarthy was inseparable from the big rugby occasion.

For those of us who listened, or attempted to listen to the broadcasts of the test matches from South Africa in 1949, often lost in a mass of static, he was the voice of doom, it sometimes seemed. As the remorseless stream of penalties and goals flooded over the hapless All Blacks, 'Scotty' was all too vivid in his picture of the scene.

For a period in the late forties and early fifties, in his capacity as Sports Supervisor for the then New Zealand Broadcasting Service, he seemed to be broadcasting something almost continuously.

I shall revert to his other roles later in this review. But to most New Zealanders he was a rugby commentator, first and foremost. Of the very few authentic originals thrown up by the world of radio broadcasting in New Zealand — 'Aunt Daisy', Dave Clarkson, Gordon Hutter — he ranks highly. In this book he has told his story.

Winston originally was a Wellingtonian, and no doubt there will be plenty who are ready to assert that this fact was always evident from the comments he made.

But his descriptions of the Wellington of his youth not only bear the stamp of authenticity, but help to explain

something of his adult character and of his attitudes to sport in general and to rugby in particular.

In the usual way of the period, where much entertainment was home-made, he developed, to a considerable degree, various talents of song and voice which have become well-known to numbers of his acquaintances over the years.

His sporting interests were fully engaged while he attended Marist Brothers' schools and later St Patrick's College in Wellington.

He spends a good deal of book-space on what was, for so many men of his generation, another influence of significance, namely, the Depression. Being young and single, he no doubt felt its vicissitudes somewhat less than those with greater responsibilities.

For all that, the search for reasonably remunerative work sent him to a variety of places

and occupations before he first joined forces with the New Zealand Broadcasting Service in 1937, after a brief initial acquaintance with radio three years earlier.

As yet, his direct role in sports broadcasting had still to come, and was delayed until 1941.

By 1945, after joining the Army, where he eventually wound up in its Education Welfare Service, he was well established as a sports broadcaster and in the right spot when the prospect of a trip to Britain with the N.Z.E.F. Kiwis became a distinct possibility.

The trip to Britain and the tour with the Kiwi rugby team would, I am sure he would agree, have been one of the most important influences on his life. Not only was it, obviously, a most enjoyable trip; it coloured his whole attitude to the game.

(Page 48, please)



BRIAN O'BRIEN



The Editor looks over the sporting scene

IF I were one of those who see in the selection of New Zealand Maori rugby teams a parallel in racial terms with all-white Springbok teams, and let me hasten to add that I'm not, I would still find it difficult to shake Prime Minister Norman Kirk's logic when, replying to a question in the House from Mr G. P. Downie (Opp., Pakuranga) on August 16, he said: "The all-Maori team does not purport to be a national representative team. The all-white Springbok team does purport to be a representative South African side. Maoris could compete for selection, and had of course been selected, as All Blacks." Q. E. D.

THE New Zealand test cricketer Glenn Turner, who scored his 1000 runs in the English season before the end of May, has found his second thousand much harder to achieve and did so in the second half of August. Thus it took him 2½ months, or 2½ times as long as his first thou. This reminds me of Merv Wallace of the 1949 New Zealanders, who missed his 1000 before the end of May only by 90 runs yet needed all of June and a week into

July to score the elusive 90 runs. It's some sort of negative reaction after the chase. Recall how Turner himself packed up in the test series that followed his thousand and allowed his thunder to be stolen by Bevan Congdon and Victor Pollard?

IF boorish conduct like that of Rohan Kanhai and his West Indian cricketers in the Second Test at Birmingham is going to be the result every time an umpire, in making a decision on a near thing, decides, as of course he must, against one side or the other, then why have umpires? Why not let the fielding side — or the batting — decide whether a batsman is out or not and so quickly ruin the game completely. If memory serves correctly, it was Arthur Fagg who in the Second Test against New Zealand gave Brian Hastings out lbw to a bouncing ball that an unrivalled TV view from over and down the pitch showed pretty conclusively would have bounced over the stumps. But Hastings took it like the sportsman he was, even though only 14 runs off his test hundred, and no mention was made of the incident in public. Fagg may or may not have been wrong but he was the umpire and if Hastings had been in any doubt whether he was out, he had only to look in the paper next morning. Kanhai's behaviour was deplorable and it's a pity Arthur Fagg, who was a good

enough cricketer to play for England in Australia (and set a still-standing world record as the only batsman to score a double century in each innings of a first-class match), didn't treat the West Indian's performance with the contempt it deserved instead of showing so patently that he was riled. "There are no hard feelings between us," said Kanhai, in a post-match ritual handshake with Fagg. "That is all over now. Let us forget what happened at Edgbaston and get back to the sort of cricket that was played at the Oval. The quicker we do, the better it will be for the game." A very facile square-off, Mr Kanhai, but what a pity you didn't think of what was best for the game before your shoddy performance at the time of Fagg's "not out" in favour of Geoff Boycott when the umpire ruled that the hard-to-dislodge Yorkshireman did not provide sufficient evidence that he had hit the ball the West Indians claimed was a catch.

WHEN rugby referees have to award penalties, one after another, right throughout a game, they have failed in every bit as great a sense as the players. If they can not get their requirements through to the players and can control the game only by doling out masses of penalties, the fundamental duty of a referee (whether the rule book states it in as many words or whether it doesn't), "to help 30

players enjoy a game of football", has not been achieved. According to a Masterton correspondent, when Wairarapa-Bush beat Horowhenua there, 28-8, last month, there was "one long string of penalties throughout the game and at no stage did the players appear to know what the referee wanted. We mere spectators certainly didn't. I wonder if the ref did?"

THE Wallaby rugby side were justifiably angry with themselves for losing the Second Test to Tonga. But what annoyed them more was the reaction of the Brisbane crowd, which almost totally barracked for the Tongans as Australia sustained yet another rugby test defeat in a city in which they have only ever won three! "We just can't win," complained full-back Arthur McGill. "When New South Wales and Australia had handsome victories in Sydney, we were accused of putting the game back 20 years. We should have let the Tongans win for the good of the game, we were told. And yet after the Second Test we were 'rubbished' for losing. In no other country in the world do you get locals urging on the visitors. It seems we're Public Enemies No. 1 wherever we go." Don't worry, Arthur, John Stewart will tell you a little about the same reaction against the All Blacks in New Zealand when recently they undertook an internal tour.

GOOD reason for the joy in Invercargill on August 18 when Southland beat Otago, 14-7. It was the maroons' first win over the dark blues, you see, since 1967. Not only that, it followed a painful defeat by the enemy from the across the border at Carisbrook only two weeks earlier to the tune of 39 points to six. A great recovery by the oyster-eaters!

THERE are many snide remarks made by the rugby faithful of the 'Mainland' about North Island forwards . . . shiners, seagulls, wing-threequarters are only a few of the epithets hurled at them from time to time by folk south of Cook Strait. The critics have their field days, especially, when South Island beats North in the annual match, which they have done only once (in 1969) in the last ten years. But have you noticed that they never turn down a good northern forward when he transfers south? 'Red' Conway from Bay of Plenty went south almost for the express purpose of gaining the recognition which ultimately went his way. Ian Kirkpatrick was another nor-

thern forward eagerly snapped up even by a major South Island union. So was Hamish Macdonald. And Wilson Whineray. And Kel Tremain. And others. Latest to go south and line himself up for eventual recognition as an All Black prospect is the Canterbury and South Island prop, Billy Bush, described by All Black Howard Joseph as "big, strong and technically impressive". Bush is from Whakatane (where he was born 24 years ago) by way of North Auckland and he has his priorities right, for he says: "Technique is paramount for a prop. Positioning of the feet and a straight back to support the scrum are important. For me, scrummaging is the main thing. Mobility comes by keeping up with the play." The veteran North Aucklander Murray Jones appears to have beaten the six-years-younger Canterbury Maori for the vacant propping berth in the All Black squad this season but it would occasion no surprise if Bill forms an all-Maori All Black front row with Tane Norton and Kent Lambert before all that many moons have passed.

THERE has been a rumour gaining strength that Johnnie Leckie, greatest featherweight New Zealand boxer ever saw, at least since the dim, dark days of our own world featherweight champion, 'Torpedo' Billy Murphy, of the 1890s, is dead. Let's lay that one here and now; nothing could be further from the truth. Johnnie not only is alive and kicking, and working in the Post Office Bulk Stores at Seaview, in the Hutt Valley, but less than two months ago the old champ remarried — at 66!

THERE'S no doubt what's the king of games in Wales during the winter. While 50,000 jam-packed Cardiff Arms to watch Wales and New Zealand play rugby, a meagre 13,000 turned up for Wales's World Cup soccer tie against Poland.

WE have become so accustomed to reading of the numerous wins and successes of New Zealand racing drivers and motor cyclists overseas that August 20 must have come as a shock to all of us. On that day, our multi-world speedway champion Ivan Mauger was beaten by Anders Michanek of Sweden for the European speedway championship at Abensberg, West Germany; Denny Hulme, our former world Grand Prix motor racing champion and Can-Am sportscar champion, was relegated to eighth in the Austrian Grand Prix at Zeltweg; and Graham McRae, our Tasman champion and "Rookie" winner in this year's Indianapolis 500, was forced to withdraw from the L. & M.

championship race for Formula 500 cars at Hainesville, U.S.A., while defending a series he had won last year. Mind you, I'll warrant that somebody will have to pay for all this sooner or later.

THE logic of Mr Noel Stanley, manager of the internal-tour All Blacks, has me guessing. Explaining why he did not subscribe to the view that a "New Zealand" team (which he managed), whose selectors gave way not only to the New Zealand Maoris but to the Juniors as well, scarcely can be called All Blacks. Mr Stanley said: "As far as I'm concerned, this is a representative New Zealand rugby team and they're all All Blacks. Both the Maoris and the Juniors have already been on tour this year and it's only fair they should be able to use their players." What Mr Stanley, and others who feel the same way, simply can not explain away is that the New Zealand side was not representative of New Zealand. Tane Norton and Kent Lambert, first-choice All Blacks, were not available to the selectors for the Maori game, for instance, for they were busy playing for the Maoris against them! As the team clearly was not fully representative of the available talent at the time, the argument that it is an All Black side not only becomes nonsense but a dangerous precedent, as well. Who knows that the Porongahau Rugby Football Club won't soon be fielding "All Black" sides in Sunday matches in aid of its gymnasium fund?

AT least international competition has had a positive effect on Lorraine Moller, that very attractive 800 and 1500 metres track runner from Otago. Representing New Zealand at the Pacific Conference Games in Canada, Lorraine said she was "spiked and jostled as runners fought for the inside" and that she had "learned to stick up for myself." She pointed out that the battle for the best position was uncommon in New Zealand because as a rule there were only two or three runners competing for room, but in Canada there had been as many as seven in the bunfight. Further, Lorraine had tended to be "beaten in the mind" before important races even started but henceforth she intends to adopt an uninhibited approach and "go my own way." If she lacks basic speed and strength, all this won't matter. But if she does have the ability with which some credit her, this new approach as a result of her experiences in Canada will stand her in very good stead.

"Ranfurly Shield of the Air"

ONE of the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation's less publicised but more successful sporting titbits over the past two years has been their Monday night "Ranfurly Shield of the Air" radio rugby quiz.

The questions have dealt with New Zealand rugby facts, figures and history (last year they had queries on the rules, as well, but differing interpretations caused loss of time). This year, the queries were set by Brian O'Brien, editor of *Sports Digest*.

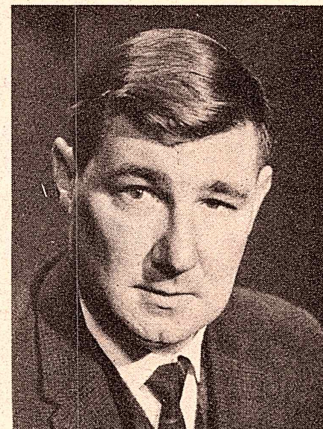
The contest was conducted with good-humoured flair by Charles Martin, assistant head of sport, N.Z.B.C., and acting as "referee" or arbiter on ticklish points, was R. A. (Bob) Forsyth, who as a Taranaki referee achieved international status by his appointment to the third Test between New Zealand and Australia at Epsom Showgrounds in 1958, despite the loss of an arm.

Teams of three arranged on a provincial or combined provincial basis after local eliminations received four questions apiece and further awards of 3pts could be picked up from two 'lineout' questions which the quiz-master tossed in.

The first team to correctly answer such questions gained the points and further bonuses of 3pts could be achieved from 'offsides', when a member of the team being questioned could not answer—or gave an incorrect one—and the opposing team was able to provide the correct one. It prefaced such moves with a call of 'off-side.'

Wairarapa-Bush, a fairly knowledgeable 'side', came into this year's challenges as holders of the 'shield' from last year and defended the laurels twice, including a decisive 52-18 thrashing of Auckland-Counties, before going out in the thriller of the season by a solitary point to Poverty Bay-East Coast.

Bay-Coast proved to be one of the outstanding teams since the series began last year and had three easy wins be-



Charles Martin

fore dipping their colours to the West Coast team.

The Coasters were a real surprise packet and retained the 'shield' through two defences. Their defeat of Taranaki, despite the sympathies of Bob Forsyth, was more than a defeat, it was a complete rout: 62 points to 9.

In fact, one doesn't recall Taranaki answering a direct question correctly in the entire quiz. Their nine points, if memory is not at fault, came either from three 'offsides' or from two of these plus the automatic grant of 3pts for winning the toss at the commencement of the challenge.

Thus West Coast, who have real rugby history in their bones judging by their three appearances, will come up first next year as defenders of N.Z.B.C.'s "Ranfurly Shield of the Air". Only a real champion 'team' will unseat them.

This year's results follow:

Wairarapa-Bush beat North Otago, 52-45.
Wairarapa-Bush beat Auckland-Counties, 52-18.
Poverty Bay-East Coast beat Wairarapa-Bush, 40-39.
Poverty Bay-East Coast beat Manawatu-Horowhenua, 62-36.
Poverty Bay-East Coast beat Marlborough, 76-33.
Poverty Bay-East Coast beat Bay of Plenty, 45-21.
West Coast beat Poverty Bay-East Coast, 44-33.
West Coast beat Taranaki, 62-9.
West Coast beat Waikato-King Country, 54-26.

TERRY McLEAN



news front special

GREAT, sad, elevating, difficult moments of sport are never far from us; and in this last month, taking into account the clobbering of the All Blacks and the decimation of the New Zealand cricket team, the sour behaviour of Brian Fairlie in the Davis Cup and the over-boosting of the New Zealand junior rowing crew's chances in the world regatta, we have not been short of talking-points.

Or shooting-points, either. It's a fact that one section of the anti-apartheid movement was not at all charmed by Hugh Watt's writing of a letter to HART expressing regret that the Kiwi squash rackets team had gone off to South Africa without so much as a by-your-leave. This section, believe it or not, complained that the government had given in to pressure.

It's also a fact that some anti-apartheid boyos were alarmed to discover that Trevor Richards, in a letter to five national squash associations about the world tournament in South Africa, had appeared to suggest that the secretary of the international federation, John Horry, had said the federation was powerless to stop the tournament from becoming a sporting farce and a political disaster. The alarm was understandable. Mr Horry did not, in fact, say any such thing.

But the feature of the month which really caught my eye was the statement of the national bowling selectors that they did not intend to put their team of Percy Jones, Phil Skoglund, Kerry Clark, Dave Baldwin, Gordon Jolly, Bob McDonald and Jack Somerville through any special preparations for the bowling tournament of the Commonwealth Games.

At face value, the statement was unexceptionable. Beginning on Boxing Day, members of the team will be engaged in the Dominion tournament, which is also to be played at Christchurch, and if the luck is with them they will all go a long way in the three championships of singles, pairs and fours. No

doubt, too, there will be workouts in the ten or 12 days between the end of the Dominion, round about January 12, and the start of the Games, which officially open on January 23.

As I said, at face value, everything seems fine. No doubt, too, local conditions ought to be helpful to the Kiwis. The Christchurch greens are likely to be four or five seconds, perhaps more, faster than those normally played by the visiting champions and this out to be an advantage.

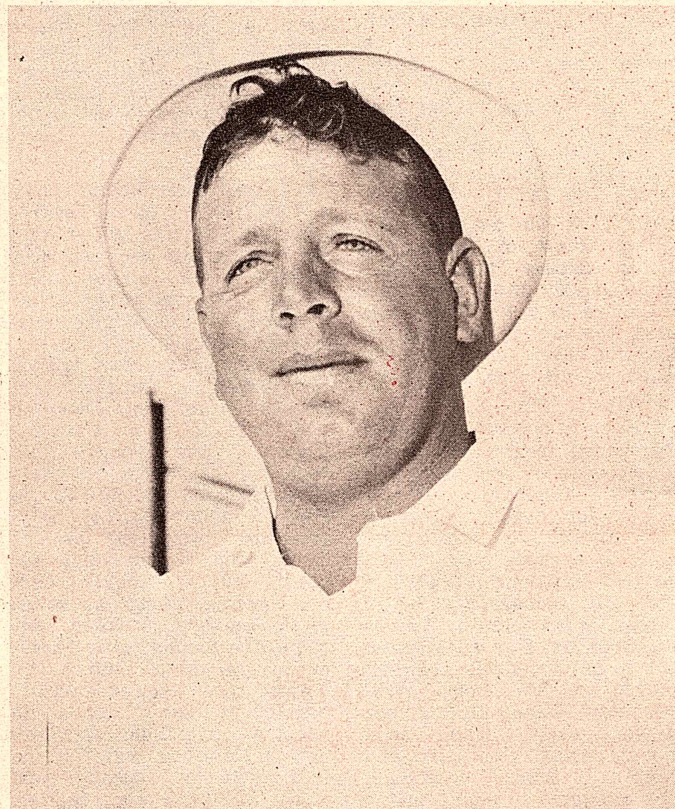
But beware of face values; and I have to confess that on reading the statement, I went into a slow burn about one-ninth of the total New Zealand Games' team deciding upon so cavalier and casual an approach to the festival.

The point is that New Zealand's international record in bowls is abysmally bad. Jack Morris and Ted Pilkington brought off one of the great feats by winning the pairs at the Cardiff Games in 1958 and four years later Bob McDonald and "Robbie" Robson, who were ideally suited temperamentally, won at Perth. It is also a fact that Bill O'Neill skipped the four that won the first world championship at Sydney back in '66, though, to be perfectly frank, no vast amount of glory attached to that effort.

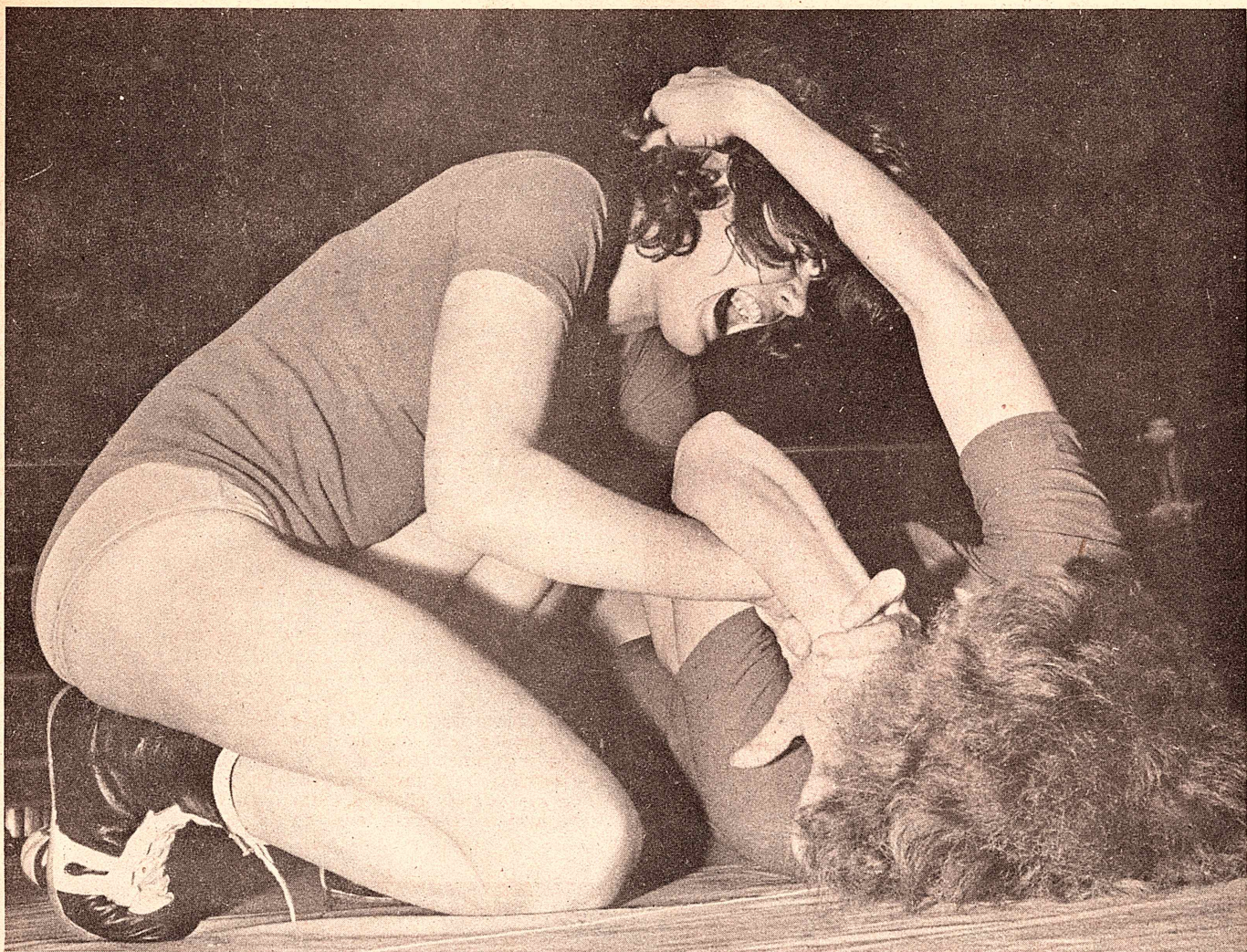
Elsewhere, grim. The boys have gone abroad, usually ill-chosen as to temperamental suitability for subservient positions—great skips don't make great leads, but the way New Zealand teams have been chosen, they've been expected to be—they've started complaining, immediately, about the slow pace of the greens and, in no time at all, they've been knocked for a row of ashcans.

The cause, very often, has been an insufficiency of physical and mental preparation. Teamwork has been pretty nearly non-existent. In my simple view, the Games at Christchurch represented the ideal chance for the New Zealand Bowling Association to grapple with adequate preparation and representation.

The chance isn't going to be taken. She'll be right, boys, the trumps have said. Maybe it will. But if I were Lance Cross, I'd be very much inclined to send a short, sharp note to remind the bowling boys that effort brings its just reward. It's high time the bowlers climbed down from Cloud Nine. They never have held a long-term lease on the place.



BOB McDONALD . . . no special preparations for him and his fellows.



LITTLE MO WELLS of Auckland may have her shoulders on the mat but she is hitting back with a handful of Bobbi Miles's hair, to the Wellington girl's obvious discomfort, in this Wellington bout.

FEMALE KING KONGS ARE NOT WANTED AS WOMEN WRESTLERS

"Women, as young men all over the world soon find out, have a natural skill at defensive wrestling"

ALTHOUGH Cora Livingstone (10st) had defeated Laura Bennett (12st 7lb) at Kansas City in 1913, the bout billed as for "the ladies' professional wrestling championship of the world", and later Clara ('Butch') Mortenson enjoyed a reign as champion, women's wrestling did not

really command more than spasmodic public support until, in 1933, Billy Wolfe, a former second-rate grappler then working as a physical culture instructor at the Kansas City YMCA, staged a women's bout as an additional attraction at a local vaudeville theatre.

It clicked immediately and as soon as he could get licenses (first in Alabama and then in Tennessee), Wolfe left his job and began promoting full programmes of female wrestling.

Soon, other states permitted the performances and Wolfe retired from actual promoting to running his own troupe of girl wrestlers. Before long he had about 150 girls under contract.

By . . .

PHILLIP DENNIS

Quickly competitors entered the field with their own troupes of women wrestlers. And, like Wolfe, they always claimed one of their stars was the world champion.

But Wolfe continued to dominate women's wrestling until the mid-1950s, and it was a bad year when he did not net \$250,000 from his performers.

The idea spread to South America, Canada and Europe and it is still growing in the U.S. The big state of California, for example, in 1966 capitulated and allowed women's wrestling.

The first real star Billy Wolfe developed was Mildred Burke, the first generally acknowledged world champion. She also became Wolfe's wife.

A buxom brunette who weighed about 10 stone and stood only 5ft 2in, she was tough, rugged and strong as a young ox.

Wolfe picked Mildred as a champion when she was still in her teens and training with men 20 to 40lb heavier than herself.

At the height of her career Mildred wrestled at least 200 bouts a year, and when she retired she proudly claimed she had never been beaten in 3500 bouts.

Shapely Mildred earned as much as \$100,000 a year, despite her penchant for striking trouble with referees. For instance, one summer night in 1952 she was wrestling before a big crowd in Jersey City when the referee cautioned her for an illegal blow.

This so enraged the hot-tempered Mildred that she hauled off and kicked the man — an action which brought a fine of \$5 from an official of the New Jersey Wrestling Commission sitting at ringside.

Immediately one of her male fans gallantly came forward and handed the official



'BRUTE' BANARD, shaven-headed Australian who had previously wrestled in New Zealand as 'Wild Red' Walker, made an attempt several years ago to match his wife, who was to be known as Patrica Burke, in professional wrestling bouts here but the Police, at that time, declined to come to the party.

a \$10 bill to pay the fine. And, being \$5 ahead, Mildred immediately bounced out and took another kick at the referee!

In 1957 pretty Janet Wolfe, the adopted 18-year-old daughter of Mildred Burke and Billy Wolfe, began learning the art of grappling.

One evening in July, after intensive coaching from Mildred, she made her first ring appearance at Columbus, Ohio.

During the bout the girl

complained of a headache. Then on leaving the ring she clutched one of the ropes and collapsed unconscious.

Janet Wolfe died in hospital next day—the world's first fatality in women's wrestling. Doctors who performed an autopsy reported "gross evidence of violence in the form of a ruptured stomach and a brain haemorrhage."

Officially, however, no action was taken when the district attorney decided the

death "came in to the same category as a circus performer falling from a trapeze, an occupational hazard."

Mildred Burke divorced Billy Wolfe and retired soon after the tragedy. But Billy married another star of his stable, blonde Nell Stewart, but they, too, were divorced two years later.

Mildred's world title was assumed and held for the next few years by a chunky Amazon, June Byers, who

won fame by offering to wrestle any male under 11 stone.

June weighed 10st 6lb, and although not many males came forward to accept her challenge she built up a record of 80 wins without a defeat against men during her career. What the men were paid to "lie down" wasn't ever stated.

By the mid-1950's perhaps the biggest drawcard of all in American women's wrestling appeared in the form of a tall, curvaceous Polish beauty, Mary Ann Kostecki who wrestled under the name of Penny Banner.

Although she never succeeded in taking the world championship she was billed as "the most glamorous girl grappler in the world." For several years she was easily the biggest money earner in the business.

Penny Banner was one of the few stars of the sport who did not attribute her success to her skill at the manly art of wrestling.

"Looks are about 80 per cent of it," she once said. "If a girl is attractive and has a nice figure, plenty of strength without big muscles, she's in."

"Men fans don't want to see a lady gorilla in the ring. They want to see a pretty girl."

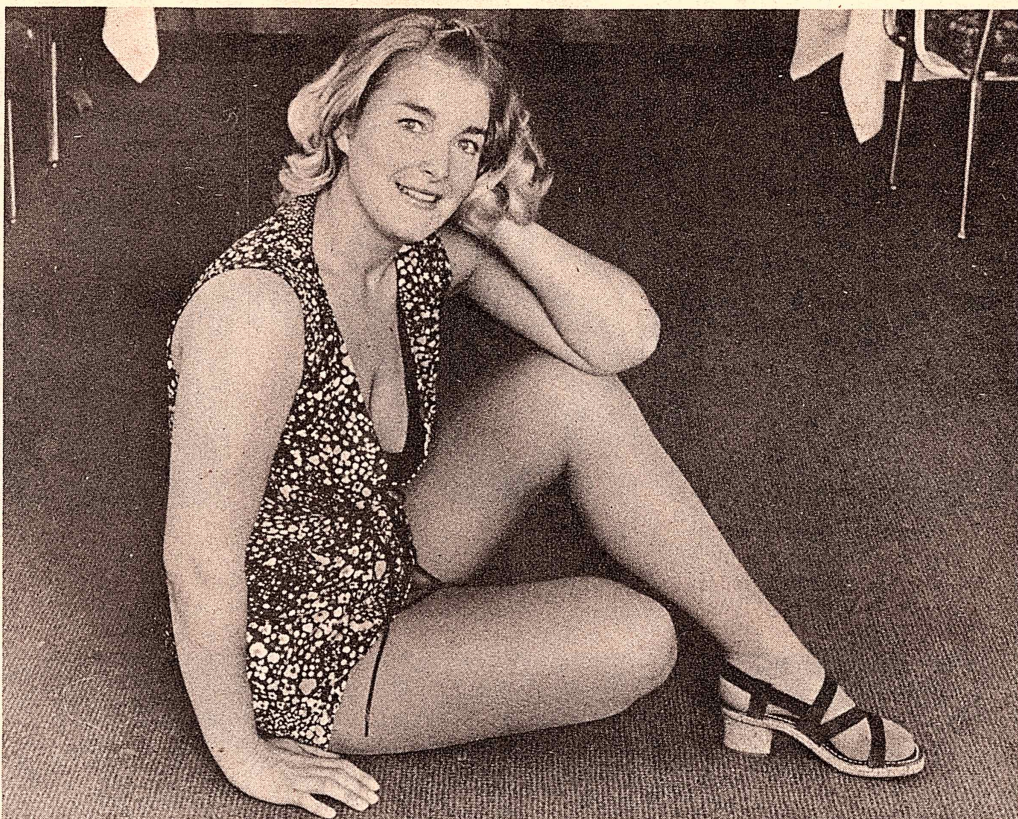
That may be so, but if she is going to survive the lady wrestler certainly needs a rugged constitution to back up her looks. World champion June Byers, for example, once listed her injuries thus:—

"I've broken both collarbones, nine ribs, every bone in both hands, ripped open both knees, bruised every inch of my body and spent eight months in hospital with a back injury."

Penny Banner was succeeded as the queen of American women's wrestling by a 5ft 2in, 9st 4lb blonde, Barbara Baker. Although one of the smallest women in the business she could still wrestle 14st girl grapplers and beat them.

As a salesgirl from West Virginia, Barbara Baker used to frequent a restaurant where female wrestlers ate. She got interested in their average earnings of \$1000 a week and went into training. But in her first match she was knocked out, suffered a fractured chest bone and collected only \$50.

Nevertheless she persevered and by 1958 was one of several girls claiming the world championship. Then at 25 Barbara Baker suddenly retired because, she said, she wanted to get married and had her eye on a professional footballer.



BURLY young lady is Vivian Vachon, a French-Canadian girl wrestler who may make New Zealand before long. She is a sister of "Mad Dog" Maurice Vachon, who won a British Empire Games gold medal at Auckland in 1950 before becoming 'big time' as a pro, and Paul, who has wrestled here professionally.

"Matrimonial prospects for lady wrestlers have never been good," she said. "I want to settle down and have a bunch of kids, and I'm starting out to catch me a husband before it's too late."

By 1960, Ella Waldek, a hefty blonde from Florida, was acknowledged as probably the best woman wrestler in America.

A raw-boned young woman, she relied more on wrestling ability to draw audiences than the sex appeal of girls like Penny Banner and Barbara Baker.

And she was quite ready to launch into a discussion on her favourite theory that audiences attended women's matches only because of the basic wrestling skills displayed.

"The attraction for the fans is not sex," she insisted. "Only a small percentage of the fans go for that reason. Most of them realise wrestling is a sport of skill, and we gals can really wrestle."

The current world champion of women's wrestling is a South African-born brunette billed as the "Fabulous Moolah—the Maiden of Mayhem."

She is now 40, has been wrestling in the U.S. for the last 12 years, and has been claiming the world title on

and off since 1957.

Outside the U.S., women's wrestling is growing in popularity. In Britain as many as 12 women wrestlers are grappling on a four-bouts-a-week circuit round the country.

But undoubtedly the U.S. remains the headquarters of the sport, with the televising of bouts probably the reason for its popularity.

Some observers, however, have argued that the real motivation for American girls both wrestling and viewing such bouts is the well-known domineering and aggressive character of the female in America.

As one writer has explained it, most women, as young men all over the world soon find out, have a natural skill at defensive wrestling. If virtue becomes too precariously poised, he reminds us, in comes the no-holds-barred stuff—knuckles in the eye, fingers jerked back to snapping point, sharp teeth on anything chewable and other forms of attack which would make even a hard-boiled referee blush. And these are only the amateurs. Ponder—and immediately reject—the thought of meeting a professional woman wrestler.

The same writer says that to those who may still think that the idea of two females grappling and grunting with

each other in the ring is a trifle screwy, the immediate answer is that, in North America and Europe, it is Big Business, spelt with a couple of hefty capital BBs.

There is some twist in the masculine mind which delights in seeing women beat each other up and entrepreneurs are making fortunes from this vicarious desire.

Few of the girls have entered the ring straight from, shall we say, a Swiss finishing school. Most have a background of some physical activity—softball, roller-skating, swimming, tumbling, athletics, ice-skating, rough riding.

The women, of course, have the usual problems. They have to watch their figures. Male wrestlers can run to fat, often ghastly fat, but the fans insist on shapely form for the women. This means they have to work afternoons in the gymnasium, spend hours brushing their hair and keep on a strict diet.

Female King Kongs are not wanted in the wrestling ring, no matter how good they are. All must have looks and sex appeal. All in all, they are a good-looking bunch.

None looks as if her original genes got mixed up or as if she had been sent out to carry bags of cement straight from the cradle.

he has to be a ...
sporting
By Brian O'Brien

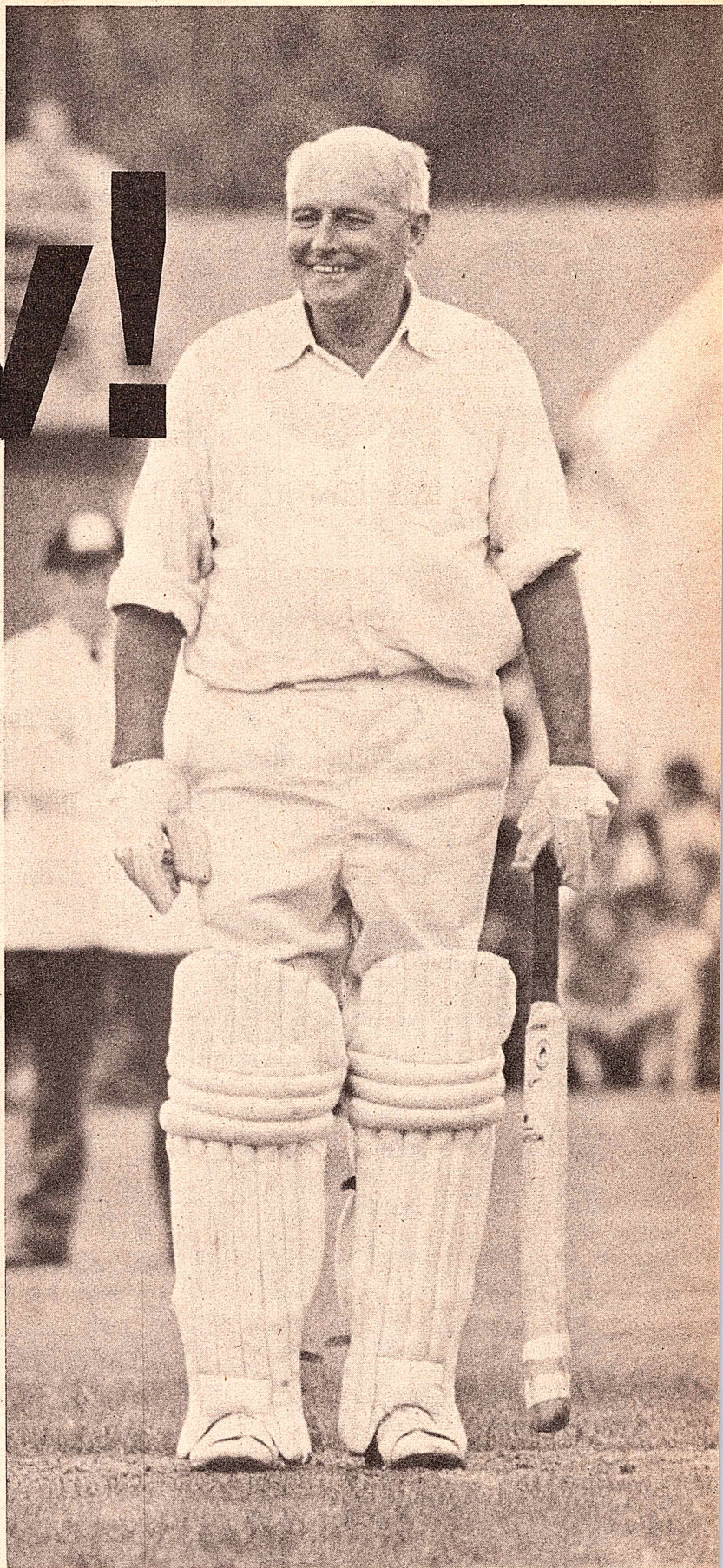


guy!

WHEN the Earl of Ranfurly, whose tenure spanned the closing years of the last century and the early years of the present one, handed to the New Zealand Rugby Union a trophy that was to become the most coveted prize in all New Zealand sport, he appears to have begun what is now a tradition among New Zealand Governors and Governors-General—namely, that they be sporting men.

▶ *HIS EXCELLENCY* the Governor-General, Sir Dennis Blundell, former Cambridge Blue, Wellington and New Zealand representative, is clearly enjoying his innings in the charity match played last season in Wellington. Sir Dennis, virtually a permanent No. 11 as a batsman, nonetheless turned on some exhilarating displays of "long handle" batting in his Plunket Shield days.

◀ *DESPITE* the light-hearted nature of the match, it's a serious trio as the G.G. gets his arm over. That's the former New Zealand test captain John Reid backing up and the umpire is the president of the Wellington Cricket Association, Mr I. A. H. ('Jumbo') Symes, who opened the bowling with Sir Dennis for the Wellington club and now and again the Wellington representative side in the 1930s.



Among Ranfurly's successors could be found:

● **Baron Plunket**, donor of the championship trophy for inter-provincial cricket in New Zealand;

● **Viscount Jellicoe**, whose avid interest in racing his own yacht, *Iron Duke*, set up the 14-footers and subsequent Sanders Cup as our major centreboard yachting event for many years;

● **Lord Bledisloe**, who presented the monumental Bledisloe Cup, one of the world's largest sports trophies; for rugby competition between Australia and New Zealand;

● **Baron Freyberg V.C.** — the inimitable "Tiny" — who won four of his five New Zealand swimming championships on the one day, represented Horowhenua at rugby and later donated golf's inter-provincial Freyberg Rose-bowl;

● **Sir Willoughby Norrie**, a successful racehorse owner;

● **Sir Bernard Fergusson**, an ocean-going yachtsman;

● **Viscount Cobham**, who played county cricket as captain of Worcestershire and played for, and was president of, the august M.C.C.;

● **Sir Arthur Porritt**, who at Paris in 1924 had been New Zealand's first, and still only, Olympic Games sprint medalist, finishing third in the 100 metres while wearing his New Zealand singlet and Oxford University shorts.

To add to this distinguished array of sporting "guvs" there now is Sir Dennis Blundell, the present Governor-General. A Cambridge-educated lawyer, E. D. Blundell played for the Wellington Plunket Shield cricket side almost throughout the 1930s and played unofficial test cricket for New Zealand against E. R. T. Holmes's M.C.C. side in 1935-36; when an opponent, curiously enough, was another future G.G. of N.Z., Lord Cobham, then the Hon. Charles Lyttelton.

E. D. Blundell was a right-arm bowler of above medium pace whose principal attributes were a nagging length and accuracy. He was at his best bowling into the Wellington breeze, which aided him considerably in movement of the ball. His was a distinguished career in the game.

During it, he

● **Played for New Zealand before he had participated in a single other first-class match;**

● **Clean bowled one of his predecessors as Governor-General of New Zealand;**

● **Established the "Indian sign" over great English test batsman Joe Hardstaff;**

● **Took nearly 200 wickets in first-class cricket.**

Born on May 29, 1907, and educated at Waitaki Boys' High School, Dennis Blundell entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge University, in 1927 to study law. That year, he figured in the university's freshman trial with much prominence, taking six wickets for 82 runs and 3 for 19, as well as hitting a hurricane 35 in his only innings.

His team won by seven wickets and that incomparable authority, *Wisden*, which rather curiously listed his New Zealand origin as "Waikiki" High School, reported that "Blundell, a New Zealander, bowling right-hand rather above medium pace, met with considerable success".

Team-mates in the "freshers" match included G. C. Grant, the Trinity player who later captained West Indies test teams (as did his younger brother, R.S.), and Gilbert Jessop junior, son of the best-known big hitter in English cricket annals. Young Jessop, incidentally, rattled on 57 and 47* in the match.

H.E. The Governor-General, Sir Dennis Blundell, played for New Zealand before he'd represented his province!

The University trial came two weeks later and Blundell gained selection in the match. Once again he performed with distinction, taking five for 64 (the first five batsmen in the opposing eleven) and 2 for 60 (the two openers).

"BLUNDELL, THE NEW ZEALAND FRESHMAN, BOWLED SO FINELY THAT HE BEGAN BY TAKING FIVE WICKETS FOR 32 RUNS," OBSERVED "WISDEN".

It might thus be imagined that the Wellington youngster would have been a certainty for the University XI, but Cambridge cricket was strong then. There were four players in the side who later played test cricket for England — the remarkable Indian prince, Duleepsinhji (who averaged 108 with the bat that year), R. W. V. Robins, who later was to captain and finally select England test sides, E. W. Dawson, the Leicestershire captain, and M. J. C. Allom, who at Christchurch in 1929-30, in his first test match, achieved the hat trick against New Zealand (Tom Lowry, Ken James and Ted Badcock) and took four wickets in five balls.

And so the New Zealand law student had to stand aside and await his chance to play for the university, although, cur-

iously enough, he soon found himself playing against it!

That year, New Zealand was making its first cricket tour of England. When the team arrived at Cambridge for the match against the university, several of its bowlers were suffering from minor ailments.

To give them a spell, the team's management invited Blundell to play, and so the future governor-general represented his country before he had obtained any other first-class experience.

He was to wait nearly ten years before he was again called on!

Possibly now having had a good look at the young student's bowling in matches at the university, the Cambridge batsmen did not suffer at Blundell's hands and he conceded 38 runs without taking a wicket, Cambridge beating the New Zealanders by five wickets.

Blundell was awarded his Blue in 1928 and 1929, in which two years he bowled finely, capturing a total of 102 wic-

kets at an average of 22.90, and playing in the Oxford match each season.

Returning home in 1930, Blundell found his reputation had preceded him, and it wasn't long before he gained inclusion in the Wellington representative side.

He made his debut in a match against the West Indian team on its way to Australia in the 1930-31 season, and although this fixture was reduced by rain to one day's duration, Blundell made his mark immediately.

Wellington made 195 (Blundell 20 not out) and the West Indians had replied with 128 for four wickets at stumps, three of the four falling to Blundell for only 33 runs.

This was the match in which Blundell and Cyril Parsloe first appeared as an opening pair in the Wellington attack. The heavily-built, bespectacled Parsloe, right-arm fast, hurling them down with the wind at his back, and Blundell, "seaming" them from the upwind end, made one of the most effective bowling combinations ever fielded by Wellington.

Both were to play for New Zealand, although, regrettably, never at the same time and never in an official test.

[Parsloe himself played far

less cricket for New Zealand than was his due, being confined to joining the New Zealand team en route home from England in late 1937 for three matches in Australia. He had Victoria three down for 34 in dismissing the test players K. E. Rigg, M. W. Sievers and A. L. Hassett, finishing with 5/47, and Victoria out for 141; he dismissed both N.S.W. opening bats — test player J. H. Fingleton for a "duck" and A. G. Cheetham for 4 — to help N.S.W. on their way to 20 for 4, and seven of his nine victims in the three games were Australian XI players.]

At the end of Blundell's first home summer, the second New Zealand team to tour England was to be named. With 16 wickets at 22.81 apiece in the three Plunket Shield games, the Wellington player appeared well on the way to selection. Some, indeed, rated him the finest bowler of his type in the country.

But when the team of 14 was announced, Blundell's name was among the missing. Writing in his book on the tour, O. S. Hintz later said:—

"Two medium-paced right-handers were needed, and the candidates were Blundell, who had his Cambridge experience to strengthen his claims for inclusion, but who was a weak batsman and none too sound a field, Crompton, an all-rounder and a swing bowler of the type likely to do well in England, and Talbot and Lester, both men could make runs as well as get wickets.

"In Crompton's case the selectors looked to the future. Unquestionably at the time Blundell was the better bowler — perhaps he was the best bowler in New Zealand — but he had played cricket in England and was at his best. The selectors gambled on the fact that English conditions should suit Crompton and turn him into a vastly improved bowler. I think it may be said that Blundell, Lester, Roberts and Massey were distinctly unlucky to miss selection."

It seemed a Gilbertian state when a player who reached his peak, still at the early age of 23, and with experience of English wickets, was overlooked for an unproven player yet to reach that peak, though two years older into the bargain!

The selectors looked so far to the future, indeed, that despite Crompton's comparative success on the tour, he played only two tests for New Zealand on his return (v. South Africa in 1931-32), then never again appeared in an official New Zealand test side, although captaining New Zealand against the M.C.C. tourists in '35-36.

For Wellington against Douglas Jardine's controver-

sial but powerful 1932-33 M.C.C. team (which included such men as Sutcliffe, Hammond, Leyland, Wyatt, Paynter, Ames, Verity, Tate, Larwood and Voce), Blundell took 3 for 55, including the visiting captain's wicket, but still was ignored by the New Zealand selectors, whose mediocre test attack was thrashed by the Englishmen to the tune of 560 for 8 decl. at Christchurch and 548 for 7 decl. at Auckland.

But class will out, and after he had taken a total of 39 wickets in only eight first-class matches during the 1933-34 and 1934-35 seasons, the big Wellington bowler belatedly was given his New Zealand cap.

E. R. T. Holmes arrived in New Zealand in 1935-36 with a strong M.C.C. team, nearly all of whose members were past, present or future test players. The side played a series of four unofficial tests here, but in its first game, against Wellington, received a rude shock when, in a story-book finish, it was defeated by the narrow margin of 14 runs.

Despite the frustrating experience of hitting the stumps three times with no-balls, Dennis Blundell had the fine double of 3 for 29 and 5 for 50.

M.C.C. scored 166 and 130 on the Basin Reserve greentop, and Wellington put together 164 and 146.

It was in this game that Blundell took a noteworthy wicket — that of the M.C.C. vice-captain, Hon. C. J. Lyttelton, captain of Worcestershire, and later better-known as Lord Cobham, Governor-General of New Zealand.

The future "guy" held his team's first innings together by top-scoring, but when he was on 35 Blundell got one past him to rattle his stumps.

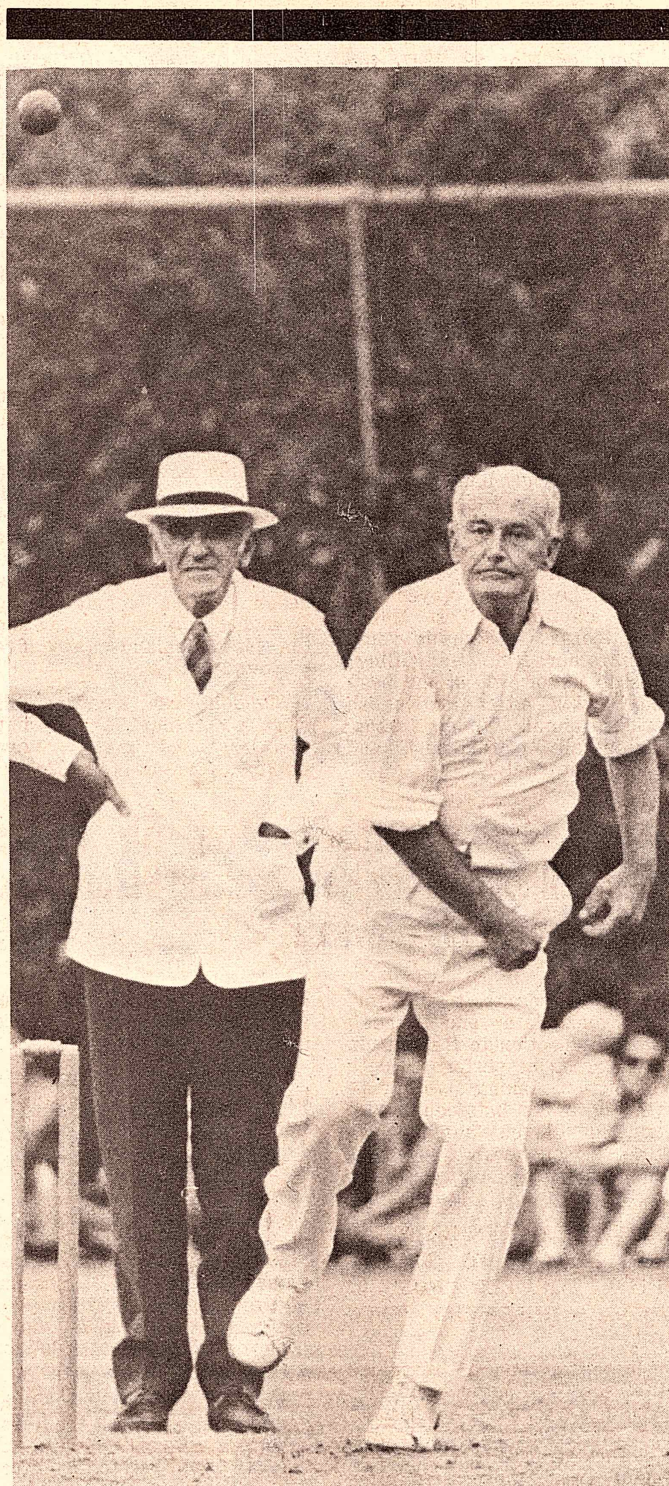
It was on that tour, too, that Blundell continually got the better of the Nottinghamshire crack, Joe Hardstaff, who, following in the footsteps of his famous father, played 23 tests for England against all countries between 1935 and 1948 for a batting average of 46.

Blundell played three matches against the crack Englishman, including two tests, and took his wicket four times, twice in the Wellington game and once in each of the second and fourth tests.

On both of the two latter occasions, Blundell routed Hardstaff for a "duck", the second time clean bowling him.

Bowling with intelligence and accuracy in the two tests for which he was chosen, the Wellington player had analyses of 2/40 and 2/43, and 2/13 and 0/21.

E. D. Blundell had many



Sir Dennis Blundell in first - class cricket

	Runs	Wkts	Avg
For Cambridge Un.	2298	102	22.53
For Wellington & North Is.	2397	85	28.20
For New Zealand:			
In N.Z.	117	6	19.50
In England	38	—	—
	4850	193	25.13

sets of Plunket Shield bowling figures, too, which revealed his great value to Wellington. Against Canterbury at Christchurch in 1932-33, for example, when the home side put on a meaty 366 mainly because of a monumental 196 by the test batsman Jack Kerr, his figures of 6/101 included the wickets of five New Zealand players, four of them batsmen, in Kerr, Ron Talbot, Ian Cromb, Alby Roberts and Bill Merriitt, the latter a bowler with a first-class career batting average of over 22.

The following season, against Auckland on the Basin Reserve, E.D.B. returned the fine double of 5/62 and 3/97 against the strongest batting side in the country.

Virtually a permanent No. 11 bat, he nonetheless used the long handle occasionally in brief but spectacular bursts of hitting and one suspects that later in the '33-34 season, the performance in which he took most pleasure was his 37 not out for Wellington against South Canterbury in a second-class fixture at Timaru.

Lacking their Plunket Shield concentration, the Wellington batsmen were in trouble against the locals and the Blundell contribution propped up a badly sagging innings.

In 1934-35, he had 6/82 and 5/48 in the same match against Otago at Wellington, with Ted Badcock, Cedric Elmes, George Dickinson and Jack Dunning, all New Zealand representatives, in the bag, plus an interesting one in Vic Cavanagh, later so formidable a figure as a coach in another sport.

Later in that shield series he took 4/28 against Auckland at Eden Park and was selected for the North Island at Wellington as the up-wind partner for Auckland's devastating newcomer, Jack Cowie. He had a match return of 3/62 and 1/81.

In World War II, Dennis Blundell was a brigade major in the NZEF and, some years after his return, became president of the New Zealand Cricket Council (in 1959) and, in his chosen profession, president of the New Zealand Law Society.

Elevation to the post of High Commissioner for New Zealand in the United Kingdom followed and finally he was asked to represent Her Majesty the Queen at Government House in Wellington.

Although now in his mid-sixties, the new Governor-General was seen once more in flannels when he played in the annual charity fixture in Wellington between John Reid's XI and Murray Chapple's XI last season.

There is not yet any reason to suppose that His Excellency will not be seen in the same game in the coming season.

NO CREDIT FOR PETULANT CRICKETERS— OR UMPIRES!

By *JOCK McLELLAN* Former New Zealand test umpire

AS 'Affair' seems to be the 'in' word these days, it is perhaps appropriate to apply it to the schemozzle that flared up during the England-West Indies Second Test. Everyone now knows what triggered it off, that Arthur Fagg for a while refused to take the field on the resumption of play the following morning and that finally the two parties shook hands on the ground at the end of the game.

Now a number of folk are wondering what really causes these flare-ups and whether or not Fagg went too far in making his protest. In my view, he certainly went much further than necessary to let Kanhai, the West Indies captain, know that he was upset.

This is not in any way intended to gloss over or excuse Kanhai's completely reprehensible behaviour in so dramatically showing his displeasure at Fagg's decision in favour of the batsman, Boycott. It is coming to a pretty pass indeed when a test cap-

tain plays up on the field like a veritable prima donna.

However, the fact remains that, being presumably responsible people, these two should have been able to sort out the problem without allowing it to be blown up into an 'affair'.

Regrettably there are some players who seem to go out of their way to 'bug' umpires, but every umpire should know that when he dons his white coat and takes the field he is placing himself fairly and squarely in the middle of the hot seat.

He knows that in a hard-fought test considerable tension is likely to be generated, tempers can become very edgy and, worst of all, that sooner or later he is going to give a wrong decision, as all umpires do somewhere, sometime.

He must also know that a highly keyed-up player is quite likely to react in a manner that clearly shows his feelings. Furthermore, in most cases, the umpire is a considerably older man than the players and I think it reasonable to expect him to use his

greater maturity and experience to keep things cool rather than inject more heat into an already overheated situation.

On the other hand, there are some umpires who cause considerable irritation to the players. For example, there is the umpire who has the habit of not answering appeals but simply turns his back. A player or a team is entitled to a reply to an appeal, no matter how nonsensical or unworthy the umpire may think it to be.

I think it is true to say that the moment an umpire loses his sense of humour and starts taking himself too seriously, he is a sitting shot for trouble of some sort.

There were times when I was subjected to certain little pressures from overseas players, but I was more amused than upset. There was the occasion of an England-New Zealand test on the Basin Reserve.

At the beginning of the New Zealand innings, the 'keeper, with one of England's most glamorous post-war batsmen, who was then fielding in the slips because of a dicey knee, apparently decided to put on

an act every time a batsman was hit on the pad.

They would raise their hands, throw back their heads and suck in their breath like a couple of overworked vacuum cleaners. I can imagine people over the fence thinking, "Gee, that must have been close," and this is just what this pair of comedians intended, except that it was I who was supposed to be getting the message.

Their final pass to 'psycho' me came after the last ball of an over, when they really made a production out of their act. The 'keeper waddled down the wicket and said, "That must have been close, Mr Umpire" (I loved him for the "Mr" bit), and hurriedly added, "We didn't appeal, of course, but it must have been close."

It so happened that Bert Sutcliffe was at my end and apparently fed up with this nonsense, he held up his hands some five feet apart and said to the 'keeper, "If you want to know, it was about that bloody close!"

Presumably I was supposed to get the message that when

these chaps finally did appeal, the batsman must be really plumb. Anyway, Bert's little piece put an end to the show for the rest of the innings.

On another occasion it was an MCC-Wellington game and the same 'keeper was involved. An off-spinner was operating at my end and he had a tight semi-circle of three fieldsmen almost on top of the batsmen on the leg-side; one of these was Colin Cowdrey.

During a rather tense period, one of the batsmen snicked a ball on to his pad from which it ballooned toward the middle one of the close-in fieldsmen. He bent forward and scooped the ball up very low down and there was a firm appeal. As I saw it, his fingers scooped the ball just as it touched the grass and I said "not out".

At the end of the over, while I was still in the process of handing the bowler his sweater, this 'keeper walked up, patted the bowler on the shoulder and said with no little emphasis, "Bad luck, Bob."

Now I could have taken umbrage and stormed off to square-leg in a huff but you just can't do justice to your job as an umpire if you spend the rest of the day nursing injured pride.

To get it off my chest, I grinned at the 'keeper and, addressing him by his Christian name, told him that he had my permission to disappear and indulge himself in a quick social interlude in the bedroom!

I then forgot about it but I was later considerably reassured when Colin Cowdrey sought me out in the pavilion to tell me that in his opinion I had been right with this particular decision and that he wouldn't have given it out, either.

A rather curious decision involved the ex-New Zealand skipper Geoff Rabone in an Auckland-Wellington Plunket Shield game. Geoff was facing a Wellington quickie, who stood up a real stinker from almost under his nose.

As Geoff buckled up and made a flurried defensive prod, the ball brushed something, flew to the 'keeper and there was an appeal for caught behind.

The ball had lifted so sharply and there was such a flurry of movement that I just didn't have a clue as to what the ball had brushed against. It could have been glove, arm, sleeve or what you would.

The whole point of this is that almost before the appeal hit the air, Geoff, with a piece of quick thinking that you would always like to associate



with New Zealand captains but, alas, can't always do so, started to rub his left shoulder with great vigour.

Just as quickly I thought to myself, "You so-and-so, Rabone, you know damned well the ball came off your glove so you are putting on this fine little act with your shoulder."

So there I was, completely satisfied that Geoff was in fact out, but on the evidence of my own eyes I couldn't give him out.

Over a beer at the end of the day, with that great big grin of his much in evidence, Geoff admitted that the ball had hit his glove — at least the onlookers were probably on my side.

While writing this, my mind wandered back to a well-known character in Wellington cricket who had a pretty profound knowledge of the laws of the game and who loved to take an umpire on whenever the opportunity arose.

I could not help thinking that if we were both around the cricketing ridges at the moment, I would be inclined to nickname him "Watergate" because of his propensity for 'bugging' umpires.

Getting back to the Fagg-Kanhai 'affair'. Apparently the first three days of the test were played in an atmosphere that was considerably less than cordial. It was, therefore, fairly predictable that when a full head of tension was built up, something would blow.

And what better time than when a controversial decision involved England's key batsman, Geoffrey Boycott.

Had I been in Fagg's position, I think I would have been kicking myself from here to yonder as I wrestled with the unpalatable thought that I might have given the West Indies' chances of winning the test a fair dinkum kick in the pants.

Cripes, who was I to be indulging in tantrums if I had just made a 'blue' of that magnitude.

Fortunately, these eruptions are comparatively infrequent and should not be allowed to colour the whole canvas of test cricket. There is so much good and enjoyable cricket that the game easily transcends these murky little happenings.

In the final analysis, players and umpires alike should realise that no credit redounds on those who become involved in these shabby and petulant affairs — there just isn't any place for them in this game of cricket.

IN THIS CASE, THERE ARE CERTAINLY NO ORCHIDS FOR EITHER MR KANHAI OR MR FAGG.

NORMAN VON NIDA passes judgement

Australia's greatest golfer:

THOMSON? OR CRAMPTON?



Peter Thomson

BRUCE CRAMPTON'S near-miss in the \$150,000 Colonial National title in America, his subsequent great victory in the Houston Open (in which event he made his introduction to the U.S. golf circuit back in 1957 and earned \$693) and his second place to Jack Nicklaus in the United States P.G.A. championship all have combined to throw Australia's greatest money-winner further into the world spotlight in recent months.

For so many years critics regarded Crampton as a dour "toiler" on the U.S. circuit who hacked out a living the tough way.

Most golf followers regarded Crampton as a professional golfer of average talent on the circuit who capitalised on his "iron man" approach by competing week after week and usually picking up a pay cheque.

Things have certainly

changed, with Bruce rocketing to world status in the past six years.

Since 1968 Crampton has won \$740,406 to become the fifth greatest money winner golf has known.

In the process he has further boosted Australia's reputation as a nation which churns out sporting champions with almost monotonous regularity.

In England this week Bruce Crampton is being hailed in

many quarters as the greatest golfer to emerge from Down-under.

Bruce Crampton deserves every triumph, every victory and every record-breaking dollar he has amassed.

Just whether Crampton is Australia's greatest ever golfer is a poser which is a matter of personal opinion.

While I greatly respect Crampton's magnificent career, I still feel that Peter Thomson must be ranked as Australia's greatest golfer.

This is only my own personal opinion and I hope it does not cause any heartburn.

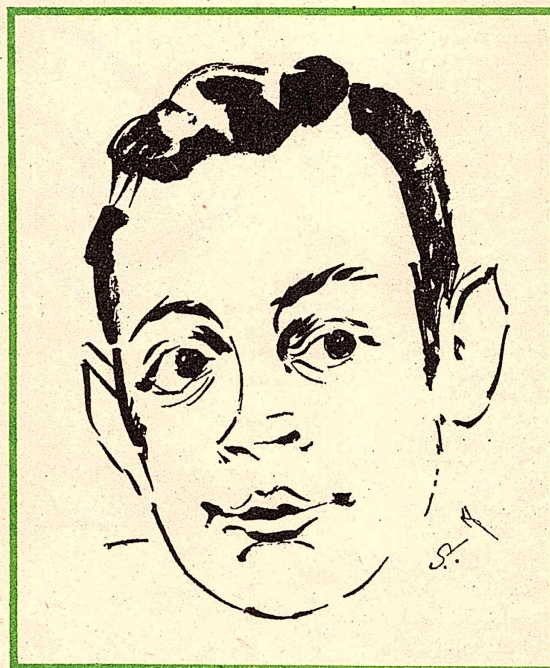
the fact that he is yet to win one of the major world titles.

Just recently he was quoted as saying he would not be completely satisfied with his golfing deeds until he had won a major event.

Bruce Devlin is in the same category.

The Devil is ranked amongst the best in the world today, but he too is yet to win a major championship.

Devlin has twice won the world's richest tournament and has come so close to winning the U.S. Open, British Open and U.S. Masters.



Bruce Crampton

My main reason for rating Thomson ahead of the two Australian Bruces, Crampton and Devlin, is Peter's wonderful record in overseas competition.

Thomson's five British Opens force me to go out on a limb in selecting him as the greatest golfer to come out of Australia.

It is those same five Open victories which place Thomson among my eight best players of all time.

While he has not matched the vast money Crampton has won in America, Thomson has won many more tournaments, particularly Open championships, around the world.

Although most golf followers seem to forget the fact, Thomson, despite his hatred for competition in America, has won there.

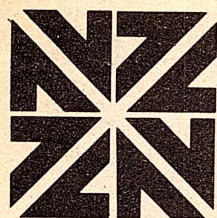
On the other hand, Bruce Crampton is the first to record

Crampton has a completely different approach to the professional game from that of Thomson and Devlin, who strive so intently (and with great financial success) to mix tournament play with their vast business interests.

World greats such as Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino and Arnold Palmer also strive to blend their multi-million dollar business affairs with tournament play.

So really, Crampton is almost unique amongst the greats of today . . . not that Bruce does not have money invested.

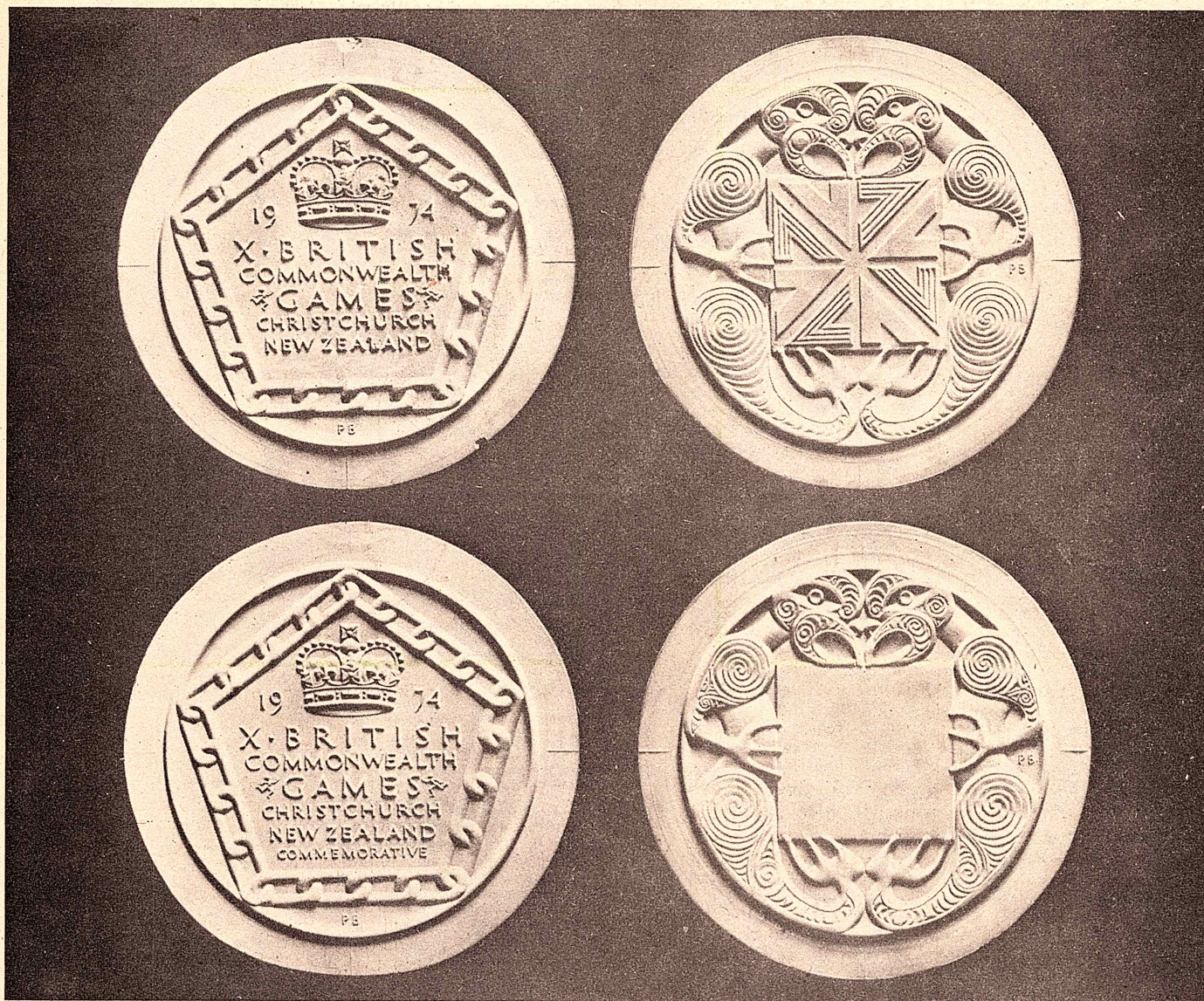
But Crampton is content to leave most of the control of his business affairs with attorneys and gets on with his real love . . . winning tournaments.



Xth British Commonwealth Games 1974

Thursday 24th January to Saturday 2nd February, 1974

News Report



THE four master moulds for the Xth British Commonwealth Games medals. The two on the left are the reverse for the Victory Medal (top) and Commemorative Medal (bottom) and the two on the right the face for the Commemorative (top) and Victory (bottom). The medals are the work of Professor Paul Beadle of Auckland and are at present being struck at the Royal Australian Mint. The 3,000 Commemorative medals will go to competitors and officials involved in the Games and the Victory medal, in gold, silver and bronze versions, to place winners in Games events.

CHRISTCHURCH WILL BETTER RECORD FOR GAMES ENTRIES

CHRISTCHURCH — Twenty-eight countries have now officially indicated their team strengths for the Xth British Commonwealth Games at Christchurch. There are 1385 competitors and 352 team officials, a total of 1737 which is only seven short of the record of 1744 competitors and officials set at Edinburgh in 1970. But Christchurch officials have stated that with other countries still to indicate the size of their teams, the total will be around 1912 by the time the Games commence.

The total competitor participation in the Edinburgh Games was: athletics 545, badminton 92, bowls 94, boxing 137 (this figure is presently standing at 178 and may top 200 by Games time), cycling 98, swimming 205, weight-lifting 79, wrestling 58.

Competitor attendances at past Games were as follows:

Hamilton, 1930	400
London, 1934	500
Sydney, 1938	464
Auckland, 1950	590
Vancouver, 1954	662
Cardiff, 1958	1130
Perth, 1962	863
Kingston, 1966	1050
Edinburgh, 1970	1383

New Zealanders have the opportunity of taking up to 75 per cent of the seats available for the Commonwealth Games.

The Christchurch Organising Committee had an obligation to the British Commonwealth Games Federation to give overseas visitors some preferential booking rights but these were limited to 25 per cent of seating for all sports, sessions and price ranges.

Once this limit was reached, overseas visitors' applications were put on the same basis as New Zealand bookings, receiving no special priority. They now have to 'line up' for tickets, the same as everyone else.

The Games Ticket Committee chairman, Mr J. E. Davies, said that a close check had been made to ensure limits were enforced.

Indications were that there would be around 110,000 people buying Games tickets and of these nearly 100,000 would be New Zealanders.

Overseas interest represented a small percentage in the Games and most of this would be from Australia.

There was a feeling that

seats for all sports had been sold but this was far from the case for there were seats available for all sports and almost 90 per cent of the sports sessions on the programme. The Organising Committee had ensured that the public would be well catered for by venue capacities by looking at attendances at past Games.

For instance, weight lifting had the smallest capacity of any venue, yet the 1000 seats available were in excess of the average demand at past Games.

At Auckland in 1950, weight-lifting's best attendance was around the 700 mark, while in Vancouver in 1954 it peaked 2100.

Perth in 1962 had 750 seats for weight lifting and only managed to fill 571 at the best attendance.

At the last Games in Scotland, there were 1200 seats and attendances ranged from 251 to 1113.

Mr Davies pointed out that Opening and Closing Ceremony tickets were almost gone while the final night of swimming and the final night of badminton had been sold out. However, only eight out of the 69 sessions scheduled on the Games programme had been sold out.

Christchurch's capacity of 34,000 for the Opening and Closing Ceremonies was more than 4000 better than for the Meadowbank Stadium at Edinburgh, where only 18,000 had paid to see the Opening Ceremony.

Attendance figures for the Auckland Games had been 36,000, Vancouver 28,000, Perth 25,000. The Vancouver Stadium had catered for 35,000, but 10,000 of these had standing room, while at Christchurch all 34,000 would have their own individual seating.

Auckland track and field crowds had been exceptional but at other Games average daily attendances had been around the 22,000 mark, well within Queen Elizabeth II Park's capacity, said Mr Davies.

Turning to boxing, attendances at past Games had ranged from 500 to 5900 and Canterbury Court's capacity of around the 4000 mark was more than adequate, he added.

With cycling, Auckland, with the use of Western Springs in 1950, had established attendance figures seldom attained at Olympics or Commonwealth Games. The attendance of 17,446 on one night

was a figure which was unlikely to ever again be attained.

As a comparison, it was mentioned that Christchurch, with a 5700 capacity at Denton Park, could cater for more than any Commonwealth Games since Auckland and had the equivalent of the Munich cyclodrome capacity.

Christchurch's bowling venue on past Games attendances would be able to cope more than adequately, while at the swimming venue at Queen Elizabeth II Park, the capacity of 5000 was double that at Edinburgh.

MILESTONES

• Birthdays:

BRENT PASCOE, Waikato road cyclist, N.Z. representative at Olympic Games (Munich, 1972)—25 on August 2.

TOM DOONEY, Manawatu canoeist, N.Z. Kayak single and doubles canoe champion, N.Z. representative at Olympic Games (Munich, 1972)—34 on August 3.

JOHN HIBBS, West Coast (since 1965) and N.Z. Kiwi (1969-70) rugby league forward—29 on August 3.

R. H. (BOB) DUFF, Christchurch, South Island and New Zealand rugby selector, coach of 1972 All Black team (U.K. and France), ex-Canterbury (1945-56) and All Black (1951-52-55-56—captain v. South Africa, 2 tests, 1956) lock forward—48 on August 5.

PETER WHITING, Auckland (since 1968) and All Black (since 1971) rugby lock forward—27 on August 6.

TORO GEORGE, Auckland, N.Z. (since 1966) and ex-British Commonwealth (1970-72) professional featherweight boxing champion, Commonwealth Games bronze medallist (1962) and South Pacific Games champion (1963)—30 on August 9.

JOHN GREENGRASS, Canterbury and New Zealand Kiwi (1970-71-72) rugby league forward—26 on August 10.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN, Auckland and N.Z. Kiwi (1971-72) rugby league full-back and centre—23 on August 11.

ALI AFAKASI, Auckland, leading contender for N.Z. professional welterweight boxing title, N.Z. amateur light-welterweight champion (1969), N.Z. representative at Commonwealth Games (Edinburgh, 1970), Samoan representative at South Pacific Games (1966, 1969—gold medal winner both times)—25 on August 11.

RICHARD TAYLER, Dunedin, N.Z. cross-country champion (1973) and ex-1500 metres track champion (1970), N.Z. representative at Commonwealth (Edinburgh, 1970) and Olympic Games (Munich, 1972)—25 on August 12.

BETH WILLIAMS, Auckland, ex-N.Z. women's butterfly and breast-stroke swimming champion, N.Z. representative at Commonwealth Games (Edinburgh, 1970), and daughter of swimming coach Cliff Williams and of Norma Williams (nee Bridson), ex-N.Z. swimming champion and Empire Games (1950) representative—20 on August 14.

SHANE DOWSETT, Auckland and New Zealand rugby league scrum-half (1971-72)—27 on August 14.

VERN HANARAY, Hastings road cyclist, winner 1971 Dulux Auckland-Wellington six-day race, N.Z. representative at Olympic Games (Munich, 1972)—22 on August 14.

BERNIE LOWTHER, Auckland and N.Z. Kiwi (1970-71) rugby league threequarter now playing in Sydney—23 on August 15.

Near-capacity swimming crowds had been experienced at most Games but usually there were a few last-minute seats available at some sessions, said Mr Davies.

Badminton had come in only at Jamaica and it was felt on the basis of attendances there and at Edinburgh that Cowles Stadium's 2000 would cover interest.

Wrestling attendances at past Games ranged from 600 to 1500 and, with 1300 seats and 800 standing room, the auditorium at Christchurch would cope with demands likely to be made on it.



KEVIN HERLIHY, Waikato and New Zealand (World Championship, since 1966) softball representative pitcher—26 on August 19.

SID GOING, North Auckland (1962 and since 1965), N.Z. Maoris and All Black (1967-73) rugby half-back, for six consecutive years holder of Tom French Cup as outstanding Maori footballer, and brother of Ken and Brian Going, North Auckland and N.Z. Maori representatives—30 on August 19.

DENNIS ENRIGHT, Kapuka (Southland) professional welterweight boxer, N.Z. amateur light-welter (1970) and Junior 6.1 (1964) champion—24 on August 20.

IAN HURST, North Otago (1970), Canterbury (since 1971) and All Black (1972-73) rugby five-eighth and centre—22 on August 27.

LINDSAY COLLING, Otago (since 1967) and All Black (1972-73) rugby half-back—27 on August 27.

ALEX WYLLIE, Canterbury rugby captain, Canterbury (since 1964) and All Black (since 1970) forward—29 on August 30.

GRANT BATTY, Wellington (since 1970) and All Black (1972-73) rugby wing-threequarter, scorer of 21 tries on '72-73 All Blacks' tour—22 on August 31 (see also 'Married').

ANN SMITH, Auckland, N.Z. representative in women's middle-distance track events at Commonwealth Games (Edinburgh, 1970), English representative at Commonwealth Games (Kingston, 1966—bronze medallist in 880-yds), and Olympic Games (Tokyo, 1964—800m finalist), ex-European 880 yds and world mile (4m 37s) record-holder—32 on August 31.

• Married:

GLENN TURNER, Otago (since 1964-65), Worcestershire (since 1968) and New Zealand (since 1968-69) test cricket opening batsman and test-score record-holder, to Sukhinder Kaur Gill, Bombay, India—at London, on July 23.

GRANT BATTY, Wellington (since 1970) and All Black (1972-73) rugby wing-threequarter, to Jill Barber, sister of Robert Barber, N.Z. amateur flyweight (1966, 1967) and banfweight (1968) boxing champion—at Wilton, Wellington, on July 25.

A man in a red and black plaid shirt and dark pants sits on a large grey rock. He is looking off to the side and holding a cigarette. The ground is covered in snow and rocks. In the foreground, three dead ibex with thick brown fur and small horns lie on the snow. The background is a steep, rocky slope with patches of snow.

Sports Digest
special lift-out

Hunting

The Thar Shoot

story and pictures ...
by Peter Bush

IT SEEMED I pressed the trigger and received the jolt over my right eye all in the one movement, just a simple case of not holding the big cannon tight enough to my shoulder. As I chambered the next round I felt the blood trickling from my eyebrow, but time for reflection and better rifle drill later; the mob of thar were already working their way across the near vertical snowslide. Through the four-power scope they looked like ants crossing an oversize Christmas cake.

While the lead animal tested an icy foothold, I squeezed off the next shot. Unconsciously, I flinched with the recoil of the Schultz and Larsen though it was more of an after-thought and my eye returned to the scope to follow the downward flight of the hardy old bull as he slid over bluff and boulder to the valley floor below.

With the loss of their leader, the animals sought refuge for the moment under a rocky ledge. I picked off another animal just as Bob, my Aussie mate, came staggering up the scree slope and gasped, "Give us a loan of the big cannon." As it was his rifle, I had no choice, and swapped for the beautifully crafted 243 he was carrying, not that I had any intention of trying to use it at such long range.

Bob was still cursing about what a fool he had been to bring the 243 when he downed his first thar with a fantastic

long-range shot. The animal strove mightily to retain its balance, but with a slithering rush it fell backward down a long snow chute and against the rock walls on its flight to the river bed.

In ten minutes the shooting was all over and we could count five animals, the climax of six hard, enjoyable days in the South Island high country.

Behind us lay days of boulder-hopping across lonely river beds, slow, slogging climbs onto the mist-covered tops, with only the raucous kea mountain parrots for company, while all the time hoping to find the thar and chamois herds who call this alpine wonderland home.

While crisp calm returned to the alpine basin of rock and snow grass surrounded by ice-sheathed peaks, I reflected on how our saga to hunt the thar had begun just over a year before.

Then we had driven our hired Landrover up the Rangitata Valley for a long-anticipated week's hunting, but finally we ended up spending most of the week in the front seat of the Landrover studying the flooded Rangitata River.

After our sojourn in the river bed, we had decided that there were very definite limitations on Landrover travel through such country and felt that, while it might be slower, back-packing, army-style, was the real answer.

Better still was the flying proposal put to us by Mesopotamia Station manager Laurie Prouting. We had phoned from Wellington for permission to cross the station property and young Laurie had casually offered to fly us into one of the back-country landing strips.

And so it was, after unloading our gear on the station strip, we helped Laurie to reload it into the top-dressing hopper of the station Auster and then he flew us, one at a time, into the Growler Creek strip.

As the tiny plane zipped past rather than over giant, snow-covered peaks and skimmed down over mobs of feeding thar perched on perpendicular slopes, I came to the conclusion that if we never shot, the scenic trip in the plane was worth every minute of effort we had put into the venture.

And when Laurie brought the plane in to land on the uphill bush strip, I felt more relaxed than the co-pilot of a Boeing 707.

While I unloaded and sorted gear, the plane was roaring back down the strip for Bob.

Before he finally flew back to the station, Laurie, who, besides being a highly experienced mountain flyer is first and foremost a high-country sheep man with all the knowledge and skill that rearing merinos in such country can provide, gave us some sound pointers on how and where to get onto our quarry.

The best advice, and we proved it, was to climb above and then work back down to the animals. We slept that night on foam mattresses in the ultra-comfort of the Growler musterer's hut and felt ready for a good day's tramping when we donned packs the next morning.

Out on the river flats there was hardly a breath of wind to stir the frosty snow grass and the only sounds were the rumbling of the river and the forlorn cry of the paradise duck honking a warning to all and sundry that man was on the move.

A few hours later the spring sunshine was starting to feel like a midsummer heat wave and heavy woollen jerseys were discarded as we began to realise just how soft the good city life makes you.

After a welcome mid-day brew with some hefty Salami

and onion doorstep sandwiches, we slowly made our way up Carney's Creek.

If we crossed that ice-cold creek once, we crossed it ninety times; my feet felt like they were walking alongside me, not with me, and then when the cold, grey mist came rolling down the steep sides of the valley, we gave up all conversation and toiled on in almost sullen silence.

Carney's Bivouac was exactly that, a dog kennel some six feet by four. You had to go outside to turn around, but in our state of collapse it was more than welcome. After unslinging the 9lb rifle and 60lb of pack, I popped on another brew and downed a few more sandwiches while I tried to thaw my frozen feet over the spirit stove.

More or less to keep faith with ourselves, we went out for an evening shot but the only thar we saw were up so high they should have been on a travel poster so we satisfied ourselves with merely looking at them through the glasses. Tired as we were, the country over which we hoped to hunt gave us the shivers; it was grim rock all straight up and down.

Back in the hut, we ate our stew and studied some of the savage and cryptic remarks that plastered the log book. Some were too tough to repeat but they nearly all dealt with the terrain and the times taken to get from the hut onto the 'tops', the size of the meals eaten, or in grimmer vein the time taken to get a mate off one of the towering rock bluffs.

"Got our mate off the top bluff this afo. He had been stuck there for 24 hours and was fair b . . . d when we got him off."

It was dark next morning when we left the warmth of our humble abode and our boots crunched over the frozen river bed as we made for the rocky gut we hoped would take us to the 'tops', and good shooting.

Progress up the frozen scree slopes was extremely slow, and a couple of times we both slipped and found our nerves were getting a little raw by the time we broke out onto the tussock 'tops'.

Apart from the faraway murmur of the river, the whisper of the breeze through the tussock, we had this magnificent frozen alpine world all to ourselves.

But not for long for, with a loud "karr, karr", a couple of keas dropped down from the white sky and with a flurry of feathers landed some ten feet from where we were standing.

With lots of cawing and chuckling they followed our path over tussock and rock and I was beginning to think what a good target they would make when, reading my thoughts, they flew across the valley to a neighbouring peak.

About two in the afternoon we stopped for a brew in a steep dry creek bed. We chose the creek bed because the high, rocky walls sheltered us from the gnawing wind that had come up. While the billy bubbled over the small twig fire, I stretched out and dozed for a few minutes.

Just as I awoke I heard a shout from Bob and had time to see my climbing pack, with a thousand dollars' worth of camera gear, go bouncing down the steep creek bed. With a sickening whack, it came to a halt about a thousand feet below us.

Before the chilly twilight had left the valley, we saw a couple of mobs of thar right on the skyline — and that's where they stayed.

How it rolled off the ledge on which it was tucked was the least of my worries as I clambered down to where it

was hooked on a small mata gouri scrub. Amazingly, nothing was badly damaged, and apart from my blown lungs and weary legs, everything was the same as before.

Our descent to the hut via a giant shingle slide was a matter of minutes compared with the hours we had spent toiling up to the skyline, and even though we had not sighted an animal all day we found the slog without carrying hefty packs a good warm-up effort for the days to come.

Because of the lack of any animal signs, and mainly to satisfy our yen to visit the Forbes River valley, we put it to the vote that Carney's Creek we would leave to the keas and whispering wind.

A warm day, and the fact that we shot a young stag for meat, made our trip down creek a pleasant stroll compared with the hectic trip we had made of it coming up.

It was after dark when we reached Findlay's Face Hut, a snug abode in a wilderness if ever there was one. This hut belonged to the local deer-stalkers' branch and, like all their huts, it was plastered with a mass of notices and regulations telling you who it belonged to, what wood to cut and how long you blow your nose for!

Being only a staging post in our migration from one riverbed to another, we said a reluctant farewell to the comfort of Findlay's and set off in driving rain the next morning for the Forbes River bivouac.

The Forbes hut is built on a small river terrace and is in the sight of the pedestrian traveller for a couple of hours. So tantalisingly near, and yet so far, it appears like a desert mirage that has been badly miscast.

Only when we reached the hut and looked back down the valley did we realise just how steep the climb was from the main river bed.

Forbes Bivouac was a far more comfortable abode than Carney's and, what was more important, there was plenty of wood handy. So, while Bob swung the billy, I whacked into a wood pile.

Once again it was mid-afternoon when we took a recce up the valley to see what game was offering.

There was a freezing wind blowing off Mt D'Archiac at the head of the valley.

This aloof 9,000-footer was wearing a winter robe of deep snow that covered the rock

pinnacles and soaring main peak that have made "Darcy's" reputation a respected one among New Zealand climbers.

After an early 5 a.m. start for the main ridge up the back of the hut, we were slowed down by a heavy snowfall that became so heavy, indeed, and shortened visibility to the point where we were sent crawling back down the ridge to the luxurious warmth of the hut.

Grub that night was a silent ritual; as we debated our fading chances of shooting an animal, it seemed to us that we might have shot our bolt.

The stars were glistening and the frost-coated snow grass crackled underfoot as we headed up-creek next morning for our last big effort. Without having to use our torches, we made speedy progress to the head of the valley.

As dawn slipped over the valley and lit the towering peaks above, a giant rockfall went hurtling down somewhere way above. We paid our respects by pausing for a few moments and tried to identify just exactly where it had occurred.

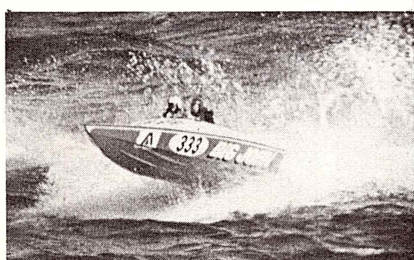
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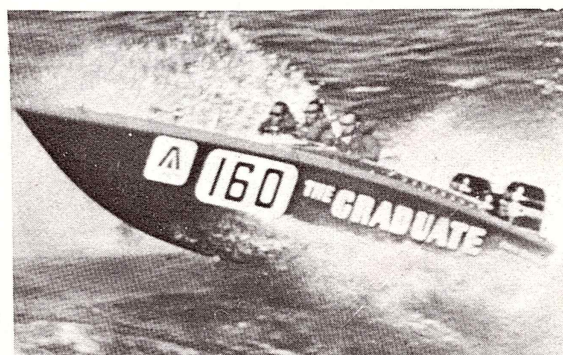
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morning sun, we lay down on a terrace well above the valley floor and glassed the face of the rock mountain face opposite. That is when we saw the mob with which I kicked off my story.

It was while I was trying to sidle across the intervening valley for a closer shot that Bob opened up with his 243. This was just not the range or the calibre of rifle to start

off the act with. So I paused in the middle of the shingle slide and got off the quick shot that nearly stunned me with the recoil when the scope slammed back into my eyebrow.

After Bob had fired some ten rounds, he realised that a shanghai would be just as effective so he then made his mad scramble to try his luck with the 308 magnum, which was like using an anti-tank

rifle after the 243. Two of his killing shots were at distances of 600 yards or more.

A butcher by trade, Bob made fast work of skinning and butchering the thar meat we were going to carry back with us.

On our happy journey back to the hut, I worked my way up one of the shingle-sided ridges where we had seen some thar the day before, and after a sharp climb I spotted a mob resting in a hollow a

couple of deep guts and some 500 yards from where I was resting.

I had counted over forty of them when I saw a huge form shambling through the snow grass. While it paused to nibble at some succulent alpine shrub, I re-focussed the glasses and told myself that this had to be the grand-daddy of all thar.

He was sheer magnificence, from his great trailing coat up to the great shaggy head on



which gleamed the black curling horn. Would he measure the mythical fourteen inches so long sought by generations of hunters?

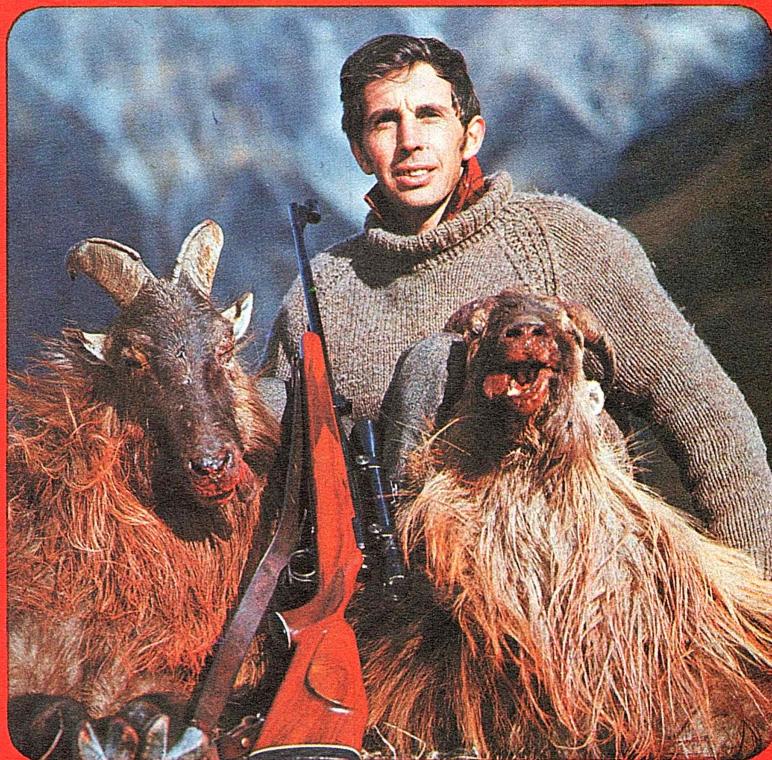
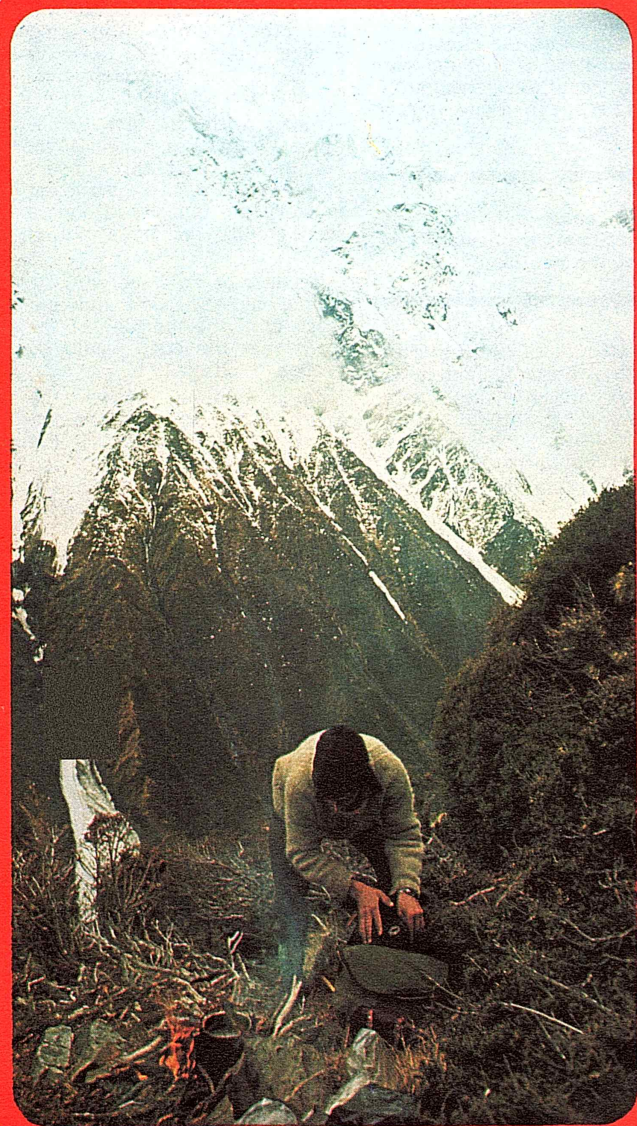
Perhaps it was the warm air rising from the valley below that carried my scent to the mob for in a matter of moments they had slipped away to the ever-beckoning skyline.

Bob was so elated over our success of the morning that he hardly gave my story of the great head I had seen more than a passing grunt.

After trimming the skins and cooking a huge thar stew, we lazed the rest of the day away, sleeping in the snow grass.

With lightened packs, our journey down the valley was like a walk in the park compared with our snail's progress going in.

Back at the Growler strip, we had just finished a couple of cold beers we had cached in the creek when Laurie and the faithful Auster came winging in over the matagouri scrub to airlift us back to the station and into the main stream of the rat race once again.



'The most mobile Hunting enterprise in N.Z.'

LIKE to pay a thousand dollars for five or six days' hunting in the South Island? Most New Zealanders could think of better ways of spending the money, but an increasing number of American hunters are happy to pay that amount—and more—if the hunting is good.

Hunters from North America have suddenly discovered the South Island high country and the great trophy hunting it provides.

Being able to hunt red deer, thar and chamois in the same alpine valley they find little short of fantastic; more amazing still is their reaction when learning that these trophy animals are still classed as noxious wildlife by the Forestry Department and can be hunted at will by Government shooters and meat hunters.

Catering for the tourist hunter are some fifteen safari outfits in the South Island, ranging from the plush comfort of Takaro Lodge (\$85.00 per day) at Te Anau, through Air Safaris (fly you anywhere to the game) to the one-man outfits like B. Hayward's business at Lake Wanaka.

Rex Forrester told his story of running a one-man hunting outfit in "Hunter For Hire" and today many visiting hunters still prefer the solo show for results.

Like their brochures say, the service provided by the Safari companies is impressive by any standards.

Helicopters at \$350 a day, float planes at \$150, vehicles of every shape and power to take the client where he wants to go without too much of the old toe-and-heel work, and backing up the mechanised facilities are some of the best high-country hunters, pilots and outdoorsmen in New Zealand.

Air Safaris, based at Mesopotamia Station in the huge Rangitata River valley, is one of the new companies that have helped put South Island high-country on the tourist map. A small outfit as yet, it is perhaps the most mobile hunting enterprise in New Zealand.

Three of the young partners are pilots, skilled hunters and

outdoorsmen.

While other safari firms boast in their glossy brochures about the easy three-hour rides in cosy station wagons from Christchurch or Mt Cook to their base camps, the frontier flyers from "Messie" pull up next to the big airliners at Christchurch, or you name it, and within the hour the client can be climbing up into the snowy alps.

As Richard Rayward, senior pilot of the company puts it: "For a moment the Americans are a little nonplussed by the size and single motor of the Cessna, but as soon as they're airborne they are marvelling at the scenery and voting the flight the best part of the trip".

And for anyone who has flown with these boys into the back country of the Rangitata and Havelock rivers, it is like flying into a cinemascope travel poster.

Soaring peaks and silver strips of rivers flash by far below; there's the thrill of slipping over a ridge as a mob of thar go thundering down sheer cliff faces, or racing past deer feeding; there's the chance of seeing a great stag charging his way across the tussock country. This will send the tourist home in raptures.

Air Safaris can accept a client in his dinner suit and outfit him with everything from a new toothbrush to a rifle packing more punch than a bazooka.

But while the safari outfits can kit a client up good enough for a Himalayan expedition, they cannot guarantee the same client overnight physical fitness.

And, sadly, many of the clients are not up to the demands that thar and chamois hunting require. This, of course, could also be said of a number of New Zealand hunters.

Scaling 3,000 feet of alpine

rock and scrub is where the guides start earning their pay and can be a test of their skill and diplomacy in piloting their unfit charges safely to the top and back down again.

Huts that are *de luxe* by New Zealand standards are sited throughout the 100,000 acres of Mesopotamia Station, and blankets and sheets replace the traditional sleeping bag of the Kiwi hunter.

Often a tablecloth will coyly grace the rough table where the simple fare of the high country is served.

For the tough high-country men, more at home hauling a frozen merino out of a snow drift than an ageing hunter to the tops, the transition to hunting guide has been fairly smooth.

Many have learnt how to mix the cocktails of the jet age and have found a good hand of gin rummy is appreciated by the \$100-a-day men.

Many tourists get as big a kick out of living and meeting with the real backwoods Enzedder as in securing one of the coveted trophy heads they have come so far to hunt.

Laurrie Prouting, pilot, guide, top high-country man and the manager of Mesopotamia Station, says: "One of the big things about the clients we have had here is that not one of them would have thought of shooting more than one animal of any species.

"They come all this way down here and are content just to shoot the one head."

This attitude of the majority of North American hunters is in stark contrast to the "bomb up" or "shoot anything that moves" attitude of so many New Zealand hunters.

How did Laurrie Prouting, his father Malcolm and their two partners get into the Safari business?

For the Proutings—who have farmed "Messie" since the nineteen forties—it really began when they put an airstrip down at the station in 1960.

Shortly after, they bought their first plane, an Auster of mature vintage, and then began top-dressing their river flats and terraces. Laurrie took flying lessons, and soon became an experienced mountain pilot.

As more and more people extolled the fabulous scenery and the ease of flying into the back country for a hunting trip, he began thinking of a commercial licence, and about that time he met his future partner, Richard Rayward.

Formerly a cameraman with the National Film Unit, Rich-

ard made a 'down payment' on a Cessna 185. To pay off his plane he had gone south to the West Coast and had spent the next few years flying out venison, whitebait and assorted hunters and fishermen from strips he had helped build or maintain.

When they met they teamed their interests into the tourist hunting and flying field. For the next couple of years they were busy turning the dream into reality and this meant building strips in areas where even a kea might have trouble making a landing.

With the advice of the Civil Aviation Division—to whose standards the strips had to finally conform—they put in no fewer than five strips.

Pride of place at Mesopotamia is the "Royal", at an altitude of 4,500 feet. Scraped out of ancient glacial moraine on a tussock-covered tableland, the area could be the mythical "Erewhon" that Samuel Butler, first owner of Mesopotamia, searched for in the historic eighteen-sixties.

The strip earned the "Royal" tag after Princess Anne and Prince Charles were flown in by Air Force helicopters during the last Royal visit.

Along with a party of 30 flying sightseers, the Royal youngsters spent three hours at the strip and the adjacent musterers' hut, and were served billy tea by Prouting senior.

Because of rigid secrecy, the people at "Messie" did not learn until the morning of the flight that the strip would be graced by Royalty.

Panic stations were the order of the day until an advance party had swept the hut clean of mouse droppings and had scrubbed some of the more salty musterers' graffiti from the walls.

The ubiquitous 'chopper', so highly praised when ferrying clients into the high country or rescuing injured or stranded folk from some impossible crag, suddenly has become a contentious issue with many back-country people.

For the 'chopper' poses a threat that could finish individual safari companies in a matter of days, or even hours, given a good run of weather.

Due to its fantastic manoeuvrability, the machine provides a mobile shooting platform that makes mockery of such words as sport and sporting.

The operators using it for mechanised slaughter of a game herd do not pretend to be doing it for the sport, but for the meat trade with

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Sometimes the Forestry Department will decide that the game infestation in a region is too high. Often they are asked by the farmers themselves to do something to check the increase in animal numbers.

If the country is too rough and the animals too wary—and this is mostly the case with thar—they will employ a 'chopper' to carry their hunters into the region for a kill.

Often the 'chopper' company will counter with an offer to carry out the extermination in return for the right to bring out the carcasses. The final act is carried out with ruthless efficiency.

Most of the game outfits discourage a client with ideas of completing his trophy collection by shooting from the 'chopper'. But one outfit includes the offer in its brochure.

For a thousand dollars it guarantees success to the client minutes after leaving the comfort of the lodge. And to generations of New Zealand hunters who have happily sweated their way up lonely valleys and soaring alpine ridges in their search for game, there is bitter disgust

for such tactics.

A veteran hunter from South Canterbury likened 'copter-hunting to tying the animals to the dining room or bar wall and then gunning them down from the table.

The safari companies, meat hunters and Forestry Department are enjoying an uneasy truce and unless game legislation is changed, the forestry boys will always hold the trump hand.

The Kiwi hunter has not been forgotten by Air Safaris and present plans are to build new strips in the more remote region of the Rangitata so local hunters can be flown in for a nominal fee and then can get on with the job of climbing and hunting.

Perhaps the day is not too far distant when the tourist will displace the merino as king of the high country; that is, providing the game herds have not been wiped out.



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		CAR PARK:			
		PARKING SPACE .20			
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Children are defined as between the ages of 3 and 14 years



CHRISTCHURCH United's Ken France loses balance in this tussle for the ball against Stop Out's Geoff Brand at Lower Hutt. The match was a scoreless draw.



THIS chunky, Sid Going-like character is Brian Hardman, Christchurch United's linkman . . . "slower, but still good to watch."

CONGRATULATIONS, UNITED... BUT!

NO DOUBT the regulars who have trudged along to English Park over the last four years to see the team are already well into their celebrations of Christchurch United's Rothmans National League title success.

They have waited a long time, seen the club finish a frustrating third in each of the previous three seasons of the league, behind two, and in front of one, of the Auckland teams.

Now, the statistics tell us, all is different. Whereas goal average alone twice in three years has decided the national club champion, now Christchurch United has had the title virtually out of sight of the rest of the field weeks before the end of the series.

This must suggest that the new champions are indeed something new, something that can be used as a model for others to follow and help improve soccer in a country which, though progressing, has not gone ahead as fast as many think.

This may sound ludicrous when Christchurch United's winning margin, and more particularly its dominance at the top of the points table for nearly the whole season, is considered.

All the champions of the past have had hard battles to get there. Christchurch United this season steadily increased its lead at the top of the table after beating Gisborne City (2-1) at home in its sixth match.

For two thirds of the championship Christchurch was king. Yet — was it?

The only loss of points between that game and the stage where it reached an unassailable position in the league were the two Wellington City got for a 1-0 win at the Basin Reserve on May 26 and the one achieved by New Brighton in the 1-1 draw on August 18.

But in successive home games after that loss at Wellington, United was unimpressive in beating Stop Out 2-0 (2-0 at half-time), Mount Wellington 3-2 (1-1), Caversham 3-1 (3-1) and Wellington Diamond United 4-0 (1-0).

During these games Christchurch got a bit of "stick" for not producing the football their supporters believed they

should as top team.

Christchurch United's loquacious 31-year-old coach, Terry Conley, attempted to answer this criticism by pointing bluntly to his team's position on the championship table and the stresses, strains and pressures that such an existence entails.

"Winning is what the game is all about," Conley wrote in his weekly column in the *Christchurch Star Sports*. "How you play comes a long way behind."

Such statements clearly suggest that Conley had only one objective: winning. In that, as the statistics prove, he has been successful.

No doubt he, the players and the administrators of the club are very happy. But there will be others who, like myself, would have preferred a less success-orientated team, a less businesslike combination that was more concerned about the quality of their play.

Because of the nature of Christchurch United's football, the protestations of its coach will probably be accepted by the majority as being sound and logical.

But how can this be when the coach of a team dominating the championship for two-thirds of the season is not concerned how the team actually plays, how much it gives the public, as long as it wins?

Why should Mr Conley have this attitude when, at other times, notably just before the announcement of the national squad to play Iran, he said that the exclusion of two of his players was an "insult to their football ability"?

Later, one of them, Ian Park, replaced an original selection and, at least to some degree, must have been affected by what his coach had said of him and, in turn, what the national coach Barrie Truman had openly and sincerely commented.

Park, to my mind, was "built up" by his coach and, because of that, walked a tightrope in the international, where, playing as a substitute, he could not have been entirely happy with his debut performance.

Conley has also been outspoken about the ability of other players in his squad. This does not have such a profound effect at National League level but after being told how much better they were than even they really believed, was it any wonder that for the second half of the season the team's football was mixed with uncertainty?

Any further analysis of Conley and his methods must mention that his contract with Christchurch United extends for another two years, that even before this season his future was secure. What other National League coach has this security of three years



ACQUISITION from Preston North End, Christchurch United's 18-year-old Steve Sumner, pictured in charge of the situation as he moves the ball away from Nigel Ashurst in United's match against Mt Wellington, won 3-2.

to build the "dream team"?

One feels that, though the crowd will support a winning team because of its own self-success attitude, the support will not be quite as ready when success is not there.

Mind you, good football and good results should be one and the same thing but when there is little emphasis placed on the quality, how can they be?

These are the questions one asks of Conley, for his atti-

tude is disappointing, particularly when he would like to obtain his livelihood from the game.

If we want this we must take great pains to ensure that the sport remains healthy enough so that we can live in it rather than off it. We must emphasise real football ahead of the modern day methods of the game, so many of which pass for skill and ability.

We must realise that, particularly in New Zealand, we

have an enormous responsibility (or challenge) to prove to the interested but not hypnotised public just what our game contains.

Frankly, I could not agree that these were Terry Conley's motives at the start of the season and I am disappointed because of that.

The public aren't fools. They see how good or bad a player is, the fouls he commits, whether he is right or wrong in what he does.

Of course, we don't even think of fouling if our team has the ball and knows what it is doing with it. The only way our opponents can regain possession is by our inability to control the ball and pass it accurately to a teammate.

Most referees will detect the fouls committed against us and we have the ball again from the free-kick. So, if we have the skill, we dictate, we decide how much running we

will do while the other side "works" in midfield or, far less often, lets the other team have the ball and prefers to build a defensive wall as a springboard for the counter-attack.

It is all so easy; skill can do so much for us and the crowd. Other than the early-season performances by the 18-year-old brought out from Preston North End, Steve Sumner, a slower but still good-to-watch Brian Hardman and, in the latter half of the season, the dazzling winger Franko Madrussan, this season's champions provided little in the way of genuine entertainment.

They were too physical and too coldly businesslike for my liking and while I don't deny them their title success and congratulate them on it, I wish they had tried to put quality before results.

Of course, any team plays some football and in a few games this season, like the 2-1 away win over Gisborne City which stretched a five-point lead to a margin of seven, there was occasional quality.

Other than Sumner, Hardman and Madrussan, the team's most influential players would probably have been new goalkeeper Phil Dando, ever-running striker Alan Marley (till he left for Australia in mid-season) and, after that, the cheeky goal-grabber Park.

Dando, given a free transfer by English first division club Liverpool in the season before it won the championship, joined Christchurch United from Central League runner-up Nelson United, displaced Tony Fleming who appeared in every championship game last season, and then proceeded to concede a mere eight goals in his first 14 games!

The 21-year-old did more, winning a place ahead of Mount Wellington's quiet Kevin Curtin to play in the 0-0 draw achieved by a much-changed but surprisingly fluent national team against Iran at Newmarket Park.

Unquestionably a major reason for the team's success, Dando was a more than satisfactory goalkeeper, his directing of the defensive players being an added dimension to his and the team's play and some of his saves being the sort that do wonders to any team.

Immediately in front of Dando were the former Technical pair, captain Ken France and tall or (as Dando calls him) "big man" Graham Griffiths.

Both have represented New Zealand for several years and their contribution in defensive

terms must, like Dando's influence, have permeated the team.

Griffiths still shows a facility to take the ball through after breaking up the opponent's attack though he remains suspect on the ground mainly because of his height and difficulty in turning fast.

France, for his part, will always treasure the screaming 40-yard shot that, but for Sumner's exquisite touch as the ball whistled by, would have been his equalising and psychologically neutralising goal in the home game against Mount Wellington.

On the flanks Christchurch used a newcomer, the Scot Paul McMillan, regularly after the fourth game, a scoreless draw away with Stop Out.

Like another full-back, Lawrie Blyth, also brought out from Preston, where Christchurch has Peter Doherty doing its scouting, McMillan developed an ability to use the long ball with precision to breach the midfield and put immediate pressure on the opponent's defence.

This was something Christchurch United often needed for neither of the three midfield players, Sumner, Hardman or a largely out-of-form Tom Randles, could use the long, flighted pass with a regular perception.

McMillan lacked the same technical and tactical qualities in his defensive play and Blyth also tended to blot his creative copybook with defensive crudeness.

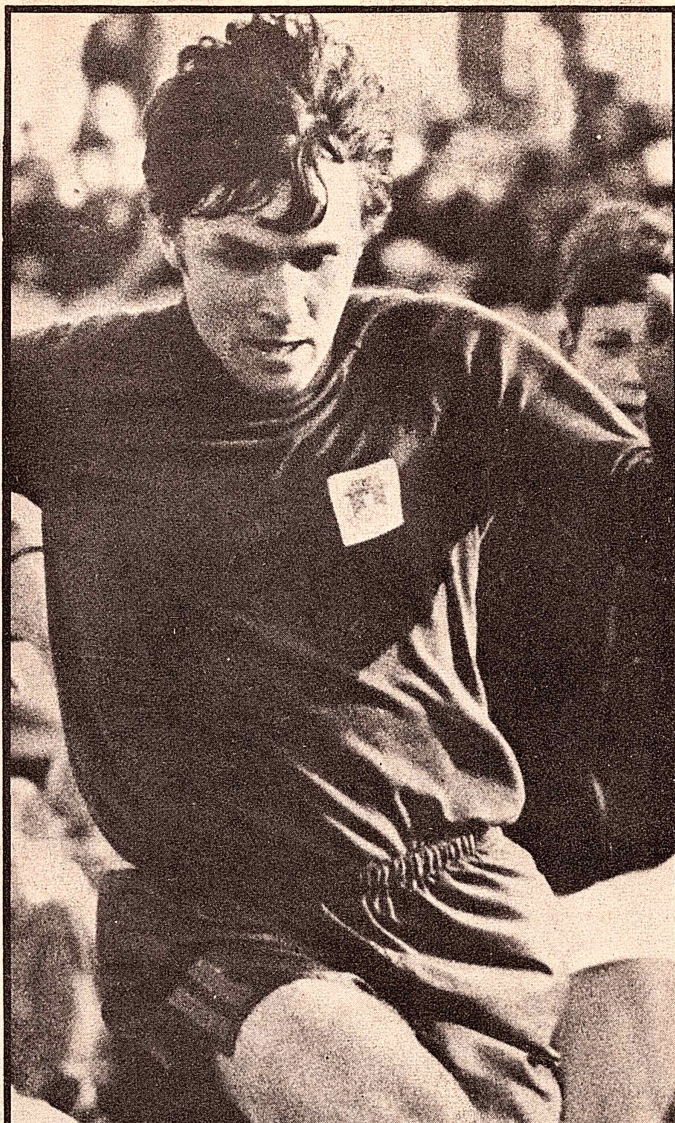
Marley's loss was severely missed, for he did the sort of intelligent running in the front line that added width and alternatives to the attacking play, giving the midfield players on the ball more freedom in their distribution and taxing the opponent's defence by the amount of running at least one defender had to do.

After Marley's exit, Madrussan came a little more into his own while Park shot to equal leading goal-scorer, scoring seven in the four games to the away fixture against Gisborne.

He certainly knows how to grab them at this level but generally is an instinctive player who rarely changes his mind during a situation.

Christchurch United also used John Olliver as a full-back, Kees Doornenbal as a striker and occasionally as a linkman, and also Graham Dacombe late in the season.

They, too, have played their part in a team that, for its position on the points table, was generally a "work-rate" rather than an attractive combination. Of course, if you are successful you can't help, in some people's eyes, being attractive.



Brian O'Sullivan surveys

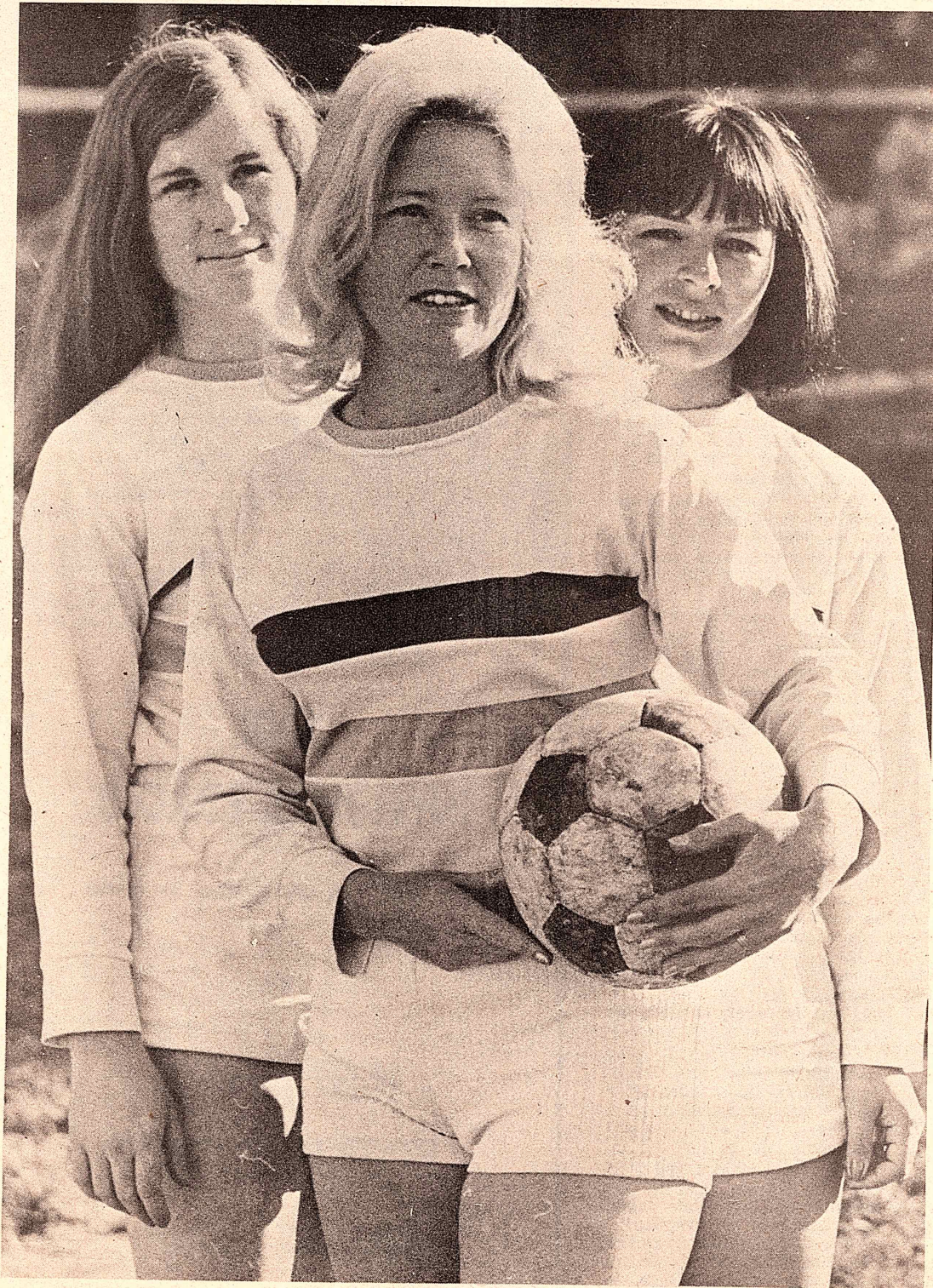
THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

for 1973 in word and statistic

**Next month's
SPORTS DIGEST
special feature**

funsy ? or dead serious?

Picture by Peter Bush



*"Marilyn,
Brenda and Mary . . .
encouraged
by their husbands."*

SINCE last month's story and pictures on the European women's soccer championship and the rapid growth of the game abroad, we have received several enquiries about women's football in New Zealand. So our editor took the country's leading sporting photographer and interviewed and photographed three young women who are active in the game.

They were Brenda Willman, a secretary, married with one child; Mary Papp, a shop assistant, married; and Marilyn Marshall, a receptionist, married with one child.

All the girls play for the Hungaria ladies' club in Wellington, Brenda (wife of Brian Willman of Hungaria) at centre-half, Mary (wife of Frank Papp of Hungaria) at centre forward, and Marilyn (wife of Ian Marshall of Miramar Rangers), who is also a New Zealand softball international, at inside-right.

After photographing and chatting with the girls, all of them particularly wholesome and feminine, we interviewed Mary Papp on aspects of women's football . . . from the female viewpoint. Here is the result.

Women's soccer in N.Z.

Interview by BRIAN O'BRIEN

Why does a shapely and attractive young woman — any woman, for that matter — want to risk her looks and possibly her health by playing a game hitherto reserved for males?

To begin with, soccer is not rugby and the physical contact aspect is nowhere near so important. But I don't think there is much risk; certainly no greater than in hockey, which has long been accepted as a legitimate game for women. There is no girl soccer player known to me who is showing any signs at all of any physical blemishes as a result of playing football.

Have you considered the fact that if the Almighty intended you to play such vigorous sports, he would have constructed the female body along different lines, and that you might have to pay the physical bill at a later stage of life?

It has not been proved to my satisfaction, anyway, that there is any grave risk in women playing soccer. And, really, I don't think any of the girls even considers the risk factor. I don't believe, either, that the female build is especially unsuitable for soccer. We have two legs and feet, the same as the men; a head to head the ball with and two arms to achieve balance with. Anyway, for my part, even if there was a risk, I'd still play the game.

Are there cases of women players being injured, especially in those sensitive parts of their anatomy which need special protection?

There have been no really serious injuries that I know about. There has been one broken ankle but the injuries a girl receives are largely bruises and an occasional bloody nose; sometimes a winding or a black eye. As far as those sensitive parts are concerned, if, for instance, a girl is struck on the breast by the ball, she is a great deal more careful in future and does her best to avoid a recurrence.

Do you wear any special protective equipment?

Only shin-pads.

Do you play merely because your husbands and boyfriends play or has the game its own appeal for you, anyway? In short, would you be playing if you had not married a soccer player?

Well, we were most of us introduced to the game by going to watch our boyfriends or husbands play. Then, as we became more interested, we found that by playing ourselves, we could understand the rules and objects of the game more fully and develop an even greater interest and understanding in men's football, which we are not, believe me, trying to rival or imitate.

What does the average soccer-playing girl's husband think of her participation?

Generally they're all for it and great sources of encouragement. My husband, for example, was the first to coach our team, which he did from the time we were formed on the suggestion of Brenda Willman about four years ago until business commitments caused his withdrawal this year, when Dave Farrington, of Miramar Central League first division took over the job. Julius Beck's wife, Maureen, has played for us, encouraged by her husband; so has Imre Kiss's wife and Jan McDowell. Before my marriage, I usually watched softball but since meeting my husband I have been caught up by his enthusiasm for the game and now he helps, advises and altogether encourages me in my soccer.

What is the most appealing feature of the game?

Winning, of course, and playing a good game. Girls are no less interested in team games than men yet we still try to retain our femininity. Girls playing soccer are not tough or 'butch'. We take the field with the normal adornment of lipstick and eyeshadow and as soon as it starts raining during a game we all start worrying about our hair.

Is women's football organised on properly controlled competitive lines in New Zealand, as it is increasingly in Europe and Britain? (see last month's Sports Digest).

It is in Wellington, at least. We have a properly conducted league of ten teams, a regular draw and a points ladder.

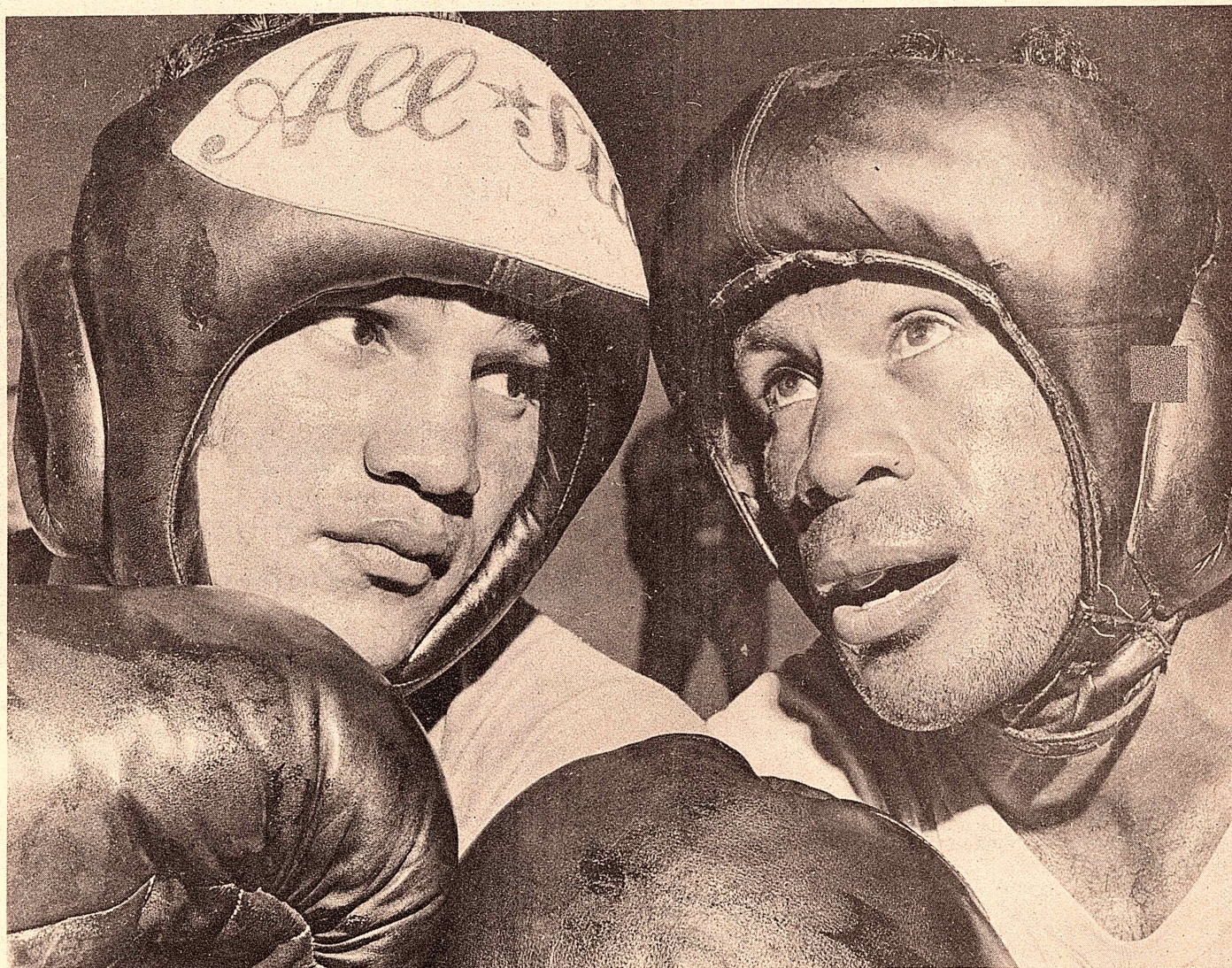
Do you experience any bias from the male-dominated sporting press?

I can't say I've really noticed any. Perhaps we would like a lot more publicity but because we're not getting it at present doesn't imply a prejudice. It's simply, I think, that right now we're small pebbles on a big soccer beach but we have ambitions and will progress. Perhaps then the press will give us the same publicity as it does such other female activities as tennis, swimming, hockey, basketball and netball.

If I were to tell you that a male soccer player has laughed at women's football, described it as "a joke . . . pathetic . . . hopeless" and its players as having "not the slightest grasp of basic fundamentals, such as trapping a ball", what would you say other than that my source is being ungallant?

At no time have we said that we're female Bobby Charltons or Peles. But give us time; we admit we're still only learners. And women have had to contend with male prejudice before . . . and usually have broken it down in the end. Besides, I've seen male players making clowns of themselves before.

TONY and KAHU no longer 'on'



TONY MUNDINE and his sparring partner, Dick Blair, once the holder of the Australian middleweight title Tony (also Commonwealth champion) now has in safe keeping.

I CONFESS I didn't see the Tony Mundine—Fred Etuati fight for the British Commonwealth middleweight championship at Auckland. I was scared my plane would be five minutes late or I'd get caught putting my hat (if I had one) under the seat and I'd miss it. Like so many who actually paid their way into the hall seem to have missed it, so much like a flash of lightning was Mundine's execution of the former Auckland Samoan.

But this doesn't mean that I don't applaud the Auckland Boxing Association for making its comeback in such a resounding fashion and for its first-class (so I'm assured) presentation of the fight.

At least I could hear ring announcer Barry Hornblow, as stand-in for Reg Clapp, presenting the fighters in as impressive and assured a manner as I've ever heard preceding a boxing contest in this country, could hear as well referee Bob Lyall's articulate, commonsense pre-fight instructions loud and clear.

Nor does it disqualify the promotion out of hand for many people — enough, I understand, to make the show pay—wanted to see this new Dave Sands in action and were prepared to risk an early ending. There did not appear to be any of the usual booing chorus that follows in the wake of most one-round knockouts.

Everyone knew that the possibility of a first-round knockout was a strong one, and that Etuati, former New Zealand amateur middleweight champion, was given little chance of surviving beyond three or four rounds.

I think I was in unduly optimistic mood when I wrote in the Wellington *Sunday Times* the day before the fight that, while "it may be that Etuati will disappear early from the fight, funny things have a habit of cropping up in a two-horse race," citing the defeat of world heavyweight champion Max Baer by Jimmy Braddock, a virtually unknown ex-dock worker who had been on the dole, in 1935 as a case in point.

"I don't feel for a moment," I added, "that Fred can do it; rather he will be battling for his life from the time-keeper's first tap of the gong."

But this is where the optimism came in; I concluded my preview with the thought that "it should be more of a fight than some will allow."

While I feel certain that the word I used was "could" and not "should", whatever appeared in print, it certainly was *not* more of a fight than some would have allowed.

BRIAN O'BRIEN'S FIGHT TALK

Mundine could not have done much better than knock Etuati over in 1 min 44 sec, even if he and his manager-trainer, Ern McQuillan, the most complete extrovert and greatest 'character' I ever saw come out of Australian boxing, seemed to differ about Tony's approach to the defence of his Commonwealth title.

McQuillan said he told his fighter to "go in and take it easy for the first couple of rounds, letting Etuati come to him."

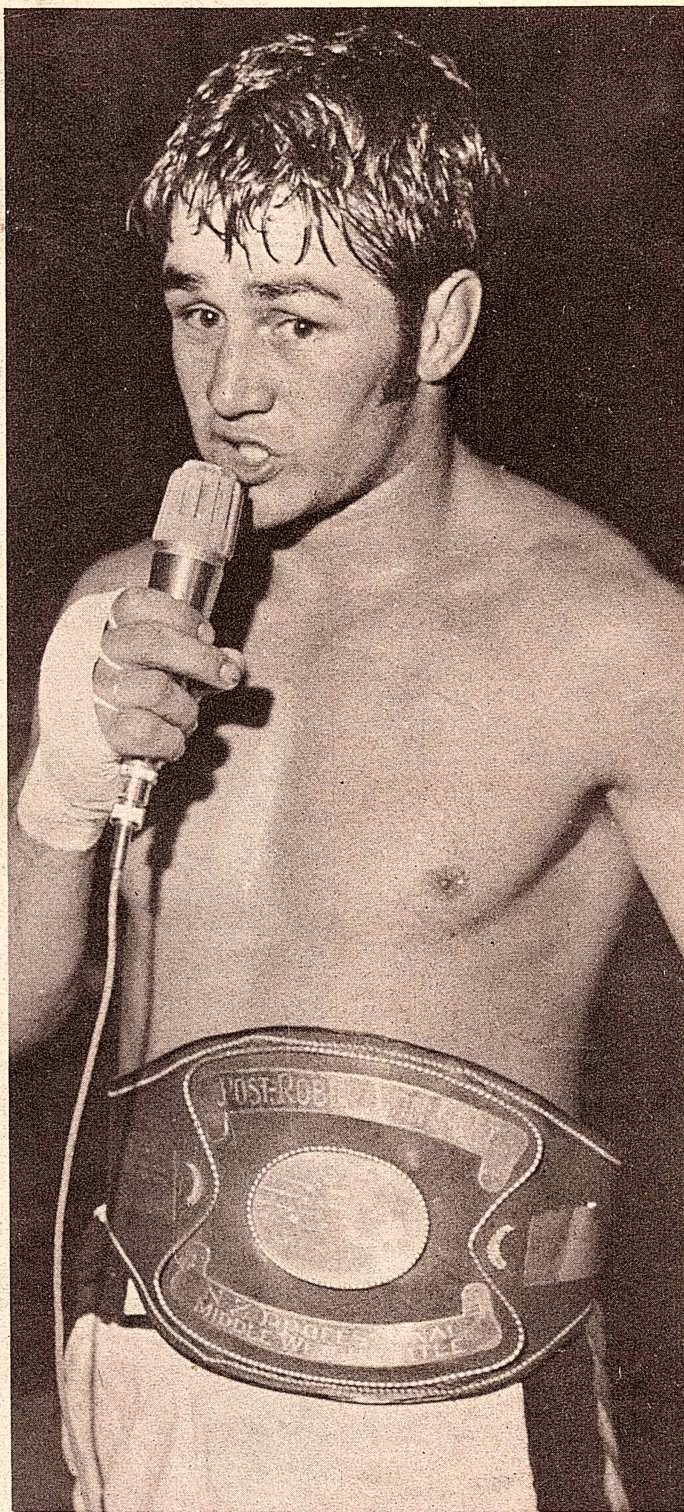
Yet when Etuati did "come to him", Mundine knocked him out, saying that he "came at me like a bull so I clobbered him," and adding that at first he had taken Fred as a serious opponent and expected it to go for about four or five rounds: "But he came at me and he got it."

Clearly two minds, second and fighter, thinking unlike here, to the detriment of those who had paid \$25, \$20, \$15—or any dollars.

But, as I say, the customers knew what they were doing. They knew, if their knowledge of the game extended beyond the basics, that Tony Mundine was the greatest destroyer in the game today beyond the heavyweight division.

They knew that only his two knockout defeats — in nine rounds by New Zealander Kahu Mahanga in 1969 and in one round by a riled former world champion, Luiz Rodriguez, two years later—stood between him and total acceptance by Australians as one of the very great fighters his country has produced, acceptance that is now growing rapidly, fight by fight.

It might be that they knew, too, that Mundine was but a stripling of 18 when he fought



KAHU MAHANGA . . . he and Mundine have travelled different directions since the Maori fighter downed the Aussie, then 18, in 1969.

Mahanga and was still two months short of his 20th birthday when he had faced the formidable Rodriguez, welterweight champion of the world in 1963 and conqueror of other world champions in Virgil Akins, Curtis Cokes, Denny Moyer, Emile Griffith and Paul Rondon.

And so they were prepared to risk a quick disposal of Etuati, even at prices (\$25,

\$20, \$15 and so on down) that easily exceeded the highest ever paid for a fight in New Zealand, the \$10.50 Wellington asked for its Commonwealth title fight featuring Bunny Grant and Manoel Santos six years ago.

In short, they wanted a revelation of the talents that have made Mundine the No. 1 contender (or No. 3 if you accept an alternative source

of rating, but it matters not) for, the middleweight championship of the world. And they got just that.

Not to mention a Sunday night "meet Mundine" function thrown by the A.B.A., an inspired idea in which the \$25 and \$20 seat-holders had the chance to meet the quiet young aboriginal at close quarters and to revel in the 'big fight' atmosphere which I feel even transcends the rugby test match fever that grips us New Zealanders.

According to referee Lyall, Mundine bowled Etuati with "a good, clean clip—he didn't know where he was". Which was more acceptable, I'd feel, than the disappointing one-round knockout by which that fine prospect, Monty Betham, disposed of an over-awed Dennis Cutmore in Wellington three weeks earlier.

All Etuati could console himself with, apart from his prize-money for so brief an appearance, were the words of his trainer, Kevin Watterson, who said that his fighter had "done well for that first round" and had been "going well up to that stage. . ."

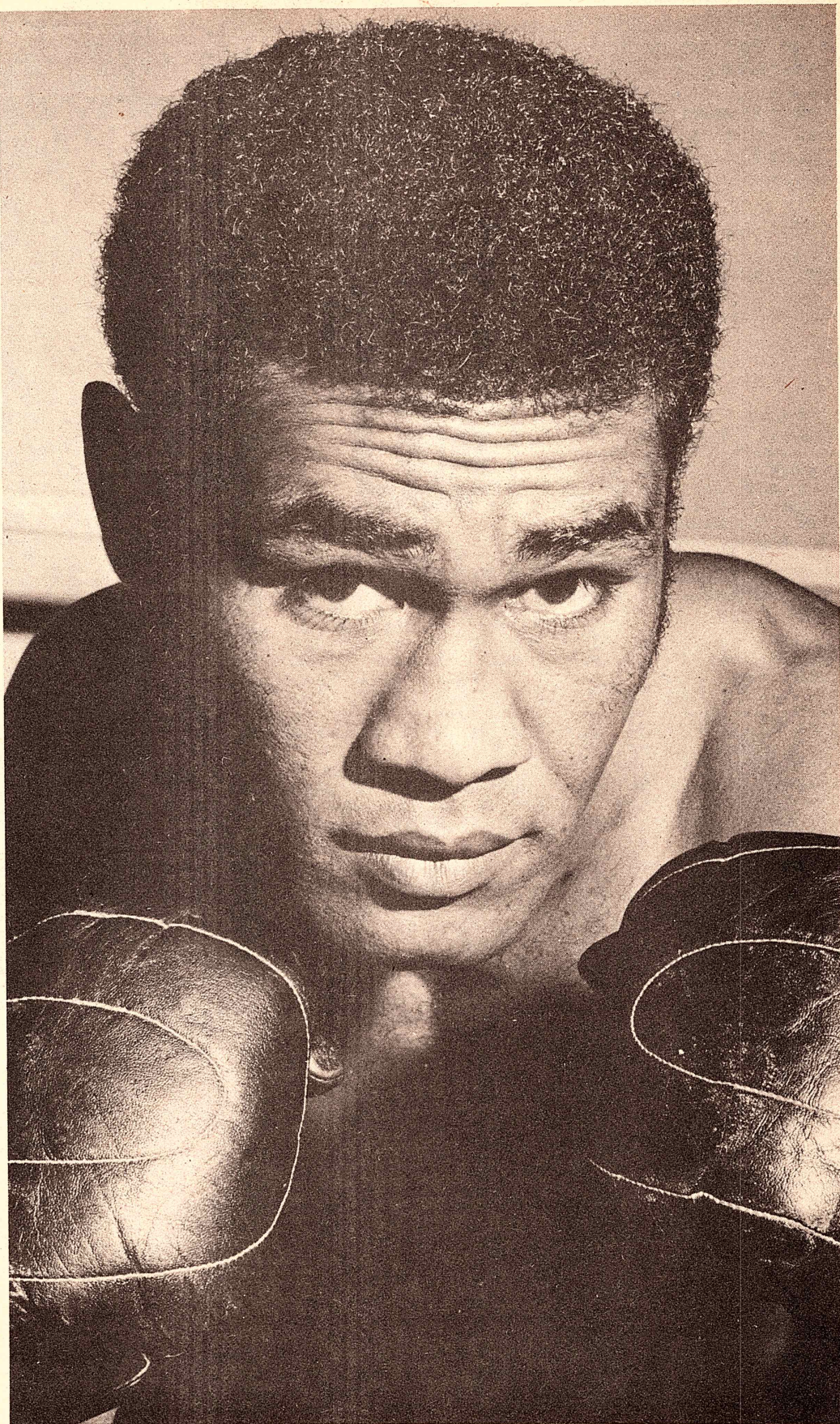
There were those who saw a kind of wry humour in that statement, of course. Can you really call 104 seconds "going well"?

I also understood Mr Watterson to say, per radio interview, that Etuati hadn't been knocked off his feet before. If he said that, he is wrong, of course. He was knocked down by the Noumea-based hitter, Alipate Korovou, who stopped him in the fourth round of a slugging match at Brisbane last March 12, at least.

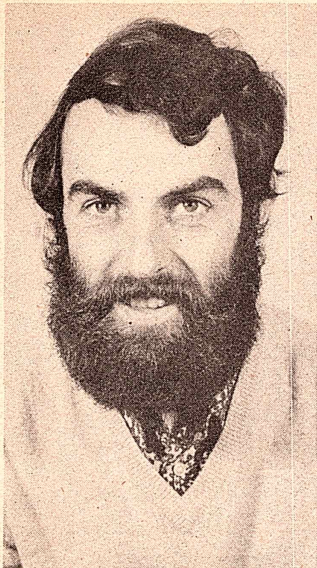
Any talk now of a return fight, after four years, between Mundine and Kahu Mahanga should be discouraged—and I understand that Auckland were, at time of writing, seeking an American of substance for the Commonwealth champion (whose name no doubt has been announced by the time these lines appear in print).

Since their date at Melbourne on November 10, 1969, Mundine has gone right up the ladder and might be ready to step onto the top rung if Carlos Monzon, the Italian-based Argentinian holder of world middleweight championship, gives him the chance (which, despite his clean slate since 1964, I now suspect the ageing Monzon has no intention of doing).

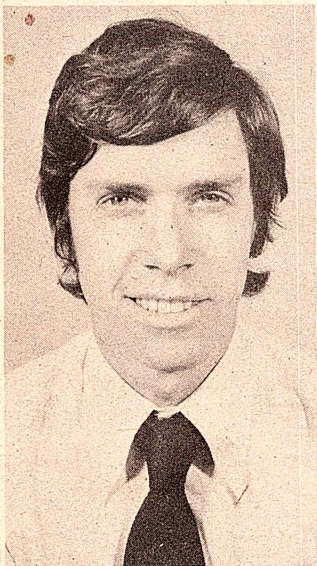
Mahanga, like Fred Etuati, is still a mettlesome fighter and at 27 no third-rater is going to beat either of them. But Tony Mundine is in the fistic stratosphere now. He's out of Kahu's range—or even sight.



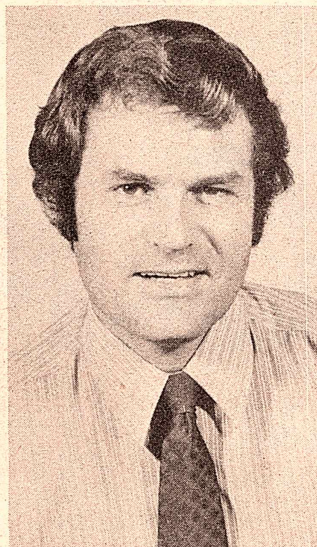
THIS is the fighting face of the South Seas middleweight champion, Al Korovou, of New Caledonia. Al, who knocked out Fred Etuati in four rounds at Brisbane on March 12 last, was to have tried conclusions with Kahu Mahanga in Wellington on September 20.



Peter Walker.



Russell Bowler.



Don McGlashan.

SURPRISE MOVE BY WORLD CHERUB CHAMPION

FORMER world Cherub champion Russell Bowler has announced that he will be a contender for the world 18-footer yachting series in Auckland next Easter. Bowler's surprise move throws the title wide open, with a whole string of top-line skippers trying for a place in the four-boat New Zealand team in the event, and heavy overseas competition.

Just back from overseas, Bowler will design and help build the boat himself, and plans to use a pocket luff mainsail (with the sail completely enclosing the mast).

The idea has worked in certain conditions in smaller craft but is a major gamble in the unrestricted 18-footers.

Bowler (27) will have Peter Walker (26) and Don McGlashan (34) in his crew. Bowler and McGlashan sailed together two win New Zealand Cherub titles in 1966 and 1968, then went on to win the Inter-Dominion 12-footer title on Sydney Harbour in January, 1969.

Walker was runner-up to his new crew-mates in the 1968 Cherub championships and, as skipper, won the Inter-Dominion Javelin title in Sydney in January, 1969.

Upon which he teamed up with Bowler to win the Australian Cherub title and the world Cherub championship in Perth in January, 1970.

"Ever since I was sailing P-class, I've had 18-footers in mind," says Bowler. "To me, they are the peak of small-boat sailing."

Bowler has signed a sponsorship agreement with W.D. & H.O. Wills, which solves the immediate financial problems associated with racing the highly expensive, experimental eighteens, all of which are sponsored by different companies.

A structural engineer as well as an experienced, world-class skipper, Bowler has designed the boat himself, with help from McGlashan, an engineer,



**YACHTING
with
CEDRIC
ALLAN**

and Walker, an architect.

Building the shell has only just begun, but the trio are hopeful of having it in the water in time for the first races of the new season in early October. It will be a double-chine plywood boat with fibreglass tape joints.

Bowler has had extensive sailing experience in Britain and the U.S.A. after his world title win in Perth.

"Everyone in small-boat racing over there knows about our 18-footers, but until recently they have never looked like being serious challengers in this class of racing," he said.

"Some of their ideas about 18-footers are very different from ours, but knowing how thorough the Americans can be, and how much money they have to spend, they could very well be a force to reckon with."

Bowler will face fierce competition even to make the New Zealand team in what is proving to be a champagne season for the 18's.

Among those with new boats are former world champion Don Lidgard, ex-New Zealand champion Wayne Fleet, Cornwall Cup winner Wayne Innes and former national Zephyr champion Terry McDell.

The New Zealand team will be competing in the world series against boats from Sydney, Brisbane, U.S.A. and possibly Britain.

DESIGN COMPETITION FOR LONGEST OFFSHORE RACE

A \$200 trophy design competition has been launched by the Bank of New South Wales to select a unique trophy for the winner of next January's Auckland-Lyttelton yacht race.

Announcing the details, Mr J. P. Andrews, the bank's chief manager, said the competition was open to art and design students from universities, polytechnics, technical institutes and high schools throughout the country.

"This race will be the longest offshore yachting event ever held in New Zealand and, at 50 miles longer than the Sydney-Hobart classic, it should prove to be a very severe test on both men and boats."

"In fact," said Mr Andrews, "it is regarded by the

organisers, the Banks Peninsula Cruising Club, as the tough one."

He said that the design competition should therefore provide art and design students with an interesting challenge in translating the ruggedness of offshore racing into a practical trophy.

The judging panel will comprise Chris Bouzaid (New Zealand's foremost yachtsman and current holder of the One Ton Cup), Professor Paul Beadle (Dean of the School of Fine Arts, Auckland), Bret de Thier (a well known artist and Olympic yachtsman from Christchurch), David Manson (Chairman of the Yacht Race Organising Committee) and Warren Boorman (Public Relations Manager for the Wales).

Their decision will be announced at the end of September in Auckland.



clive is O.K.

A world championship, now, to add to his eight consecutive New Zealand O.K. dinghy titles.

TO THOSE who have marvelled at the manner in which Clive Roberts has dominated the O.K. dinghy yachting class since its introduction to this country a decade ago, the 31-year-old Aucklanders triumph in the the recent world championship in England would come as little surprise.

But the majority of sports followers in New Zealand would be unaware of the mammoth amount of time that Roberts has devoted to perfecting his talents as a helmsman and race tactician.

Unlike most competitors, a yachtsman faces more than the usual problem of having to get himself fully fit for an important contest — he also has to ensure that his hull and equipment are tuned to concert pitch.

Roberts was well versed in these requirements, and it was appropriate that his triumph at world level should be the product of the consistency that has been his trademark since the early days of O.K. dinghy competition.

Such was Roberts's immediate liking for this monotype design — often regarded as a little brother of the Olympic Finn, although this tag is belied by the fact that there are more than 4000 O.K. dinghies registered for racing in Sweden alone — that he won the first eight New Zealand titles.

It was almost incredible that one skipper should be able to reign supreme for so long. His feat in topping the national table in those eight consecutive seasons is put even more into perspective when it is recalled that the

Olympic Games Finn representatives, Jonty Farmer (Rotorua) and Bret de Thier (Canterbury), have been among his rivals on occasions.

Ironically, Roberts assumed the mantle of world champion at a time when he has, temporarily it seems, relinquished possession of the Elvstrom Trophy, the New Zealand title prize.

Two years ago Gary Woodroffe, also of Auckland, broke into Roberts's sequence of successes and went on to take the British championship and finish second to Kjell Axerot (Sweden) in the world contest.

Last summer Axerot came to New Zealand and headed off Roberts and the remainder of the leading New Zealand O.K. helmsmen at Wellington. It must have been very satisfying for Roberts to travel to the northern hemisphere and gain revenge over his Swedish rival.

Clive Roberts and three Aucklanders, Robert Witham, Robin Dew and Brian Baker, prepared and departed for the world event with a minimum of fanfare. Indeed, Roberts had little time to try out his new boat, Epic, before it was shipped overseas and he delayed his own trip to Falmouth, England, because his wife, Beverly, was expecting the couple's second child.

As it happened, Roberts was in England when he learned that he was the father of a second son, making the week of the world championship even more memorable.

The atmosphere of anonymity which surrounded Roberts's tilt at international prominence in the class that he had served so well probably assisted him in his campaign. Certainly, it was in

contrast to his entry in the 1970 world series, which was held on his home waters in Takapuna.

There were many who expected Roberts to benefit from his local knowledge to such an extent that he would repulse the challenges of the strong overseas contingent. These people later regarded his overall fifth as something of a failure, especially because Farmer (third) finished ahead of him in the wake of the Swedish winner, Carlsson.

A modest 23rd in one heat and an enforced withdrawal from another cost Roberts any chance of finishing in a more prominent position, but he gave a reminder of his capabilities by winning the last race. On that occasion, he sacrificed his own cause by lending his experience to the organisation of the contest.

Roberts later served a term as commodore of the Takapuna club, but it was probably in a quite relaxed mood — apart from the expected arrival of Roberts junior — that he left to cross tacks with 71 other competitors from 17 countries.

The weather and seas encountered at Falmouth were unpredictable, but Roberts's consistency and determination carried him through. He did not lead home the fleet in any of the races, but only when he was 31st in the second heat did he lose contact with the pace.

Three thirds, a fifth and a seventh placed Roberts in the very favourable position of having only to finish within six placings of Axerot to beat the Swede.

Keeping Axerot in his sights throughout the course, Roberts came home a comfortable tenth by comparison with the defending champion's fifth — the points difference being a slender but sat-

isfying 2.9.

It was not all plain sailing. The yachtsmen had to wait three hours for sufficient breeze to develop before the first race; nine recalls caused the fourth heat to be delayed three hours and a half; thunder and rain in the fifth event shrank visibility almost to nothing; and in the sixth most of the leaders went the wrong way on the first beat and faced a tough slog to get ahead of their lesser rivals.

Meanwhile, Clive's teammates were finishing about mid-way in the sizeable fleet. In the final standings, Dew was a creditable 32nd, Witham was next and Baker 59th.

In travelling half-way around the world to meet, and beat, the most experienced of O.K. dinghy competitors, Roberts and his small band had to make a considerable financial outlay from their own pockets.

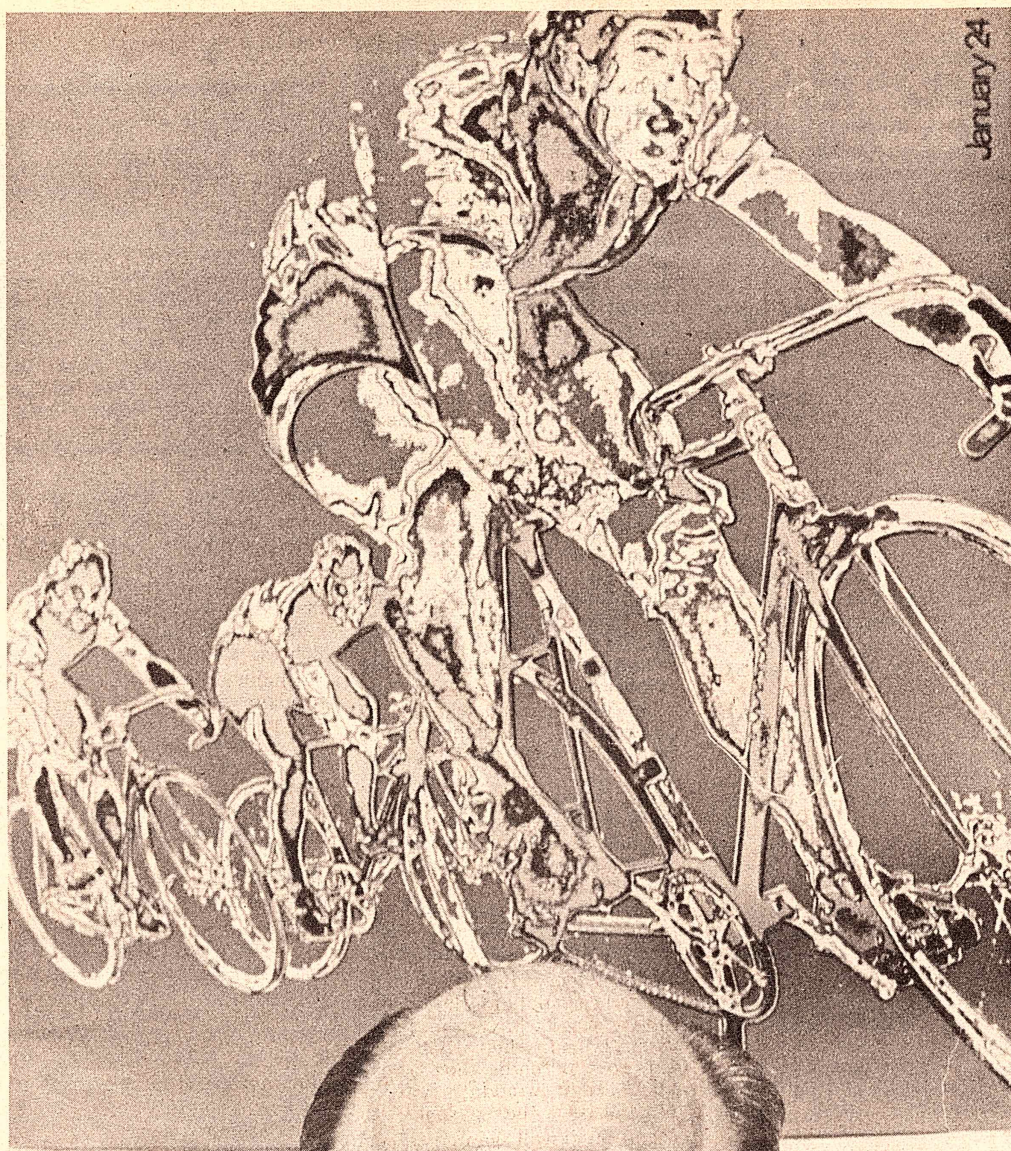
Assistance from the Rothmans Sports Foundation and the New Zealand Apple and Pear Board was valuable, but paid only a portion of the costs.

A few days after Roberts had shrugged off the problems imposed by foreign conditions and his 71 opponents, he was tracked down by journalists in a setting hardly befitting the world champion of such a popular class — the Kiwis were camping on a farm, they and their hulls (stacked on a trailer) surrounded by inquisitive cows.

Roberts, who has also done well enough in the larger Finn class to earn New Zealand representation at such venues as Los Angeles, Sydney, Tokyo and Finland, and be a place-getter in the last two national series, has added a proud chapter to the history of yachting in this country.

in a dinghy...

By John Coffey



European
style
season
but . . .

Were the riders asked?

RAY CAIRNS
on cycling

IT IS a curious reflection on New Zealand cycling that in a year when riders are faced with the problem of making a choice between track and road racing, a majority of the country's administrators should decide to make this a permanent problem.

With by no means a unanimous decision, the annual general meeting of the national association decided a sub-committee should investigate the adopting of a "European" racing season. In short, this would mean a partial combining of the track and road seasons with no racing in the more bitter months of June, July and August.

CYCLING commissaire for the Christchurch Games, Australian Charlie Manins (picture with Games cycling poster backdrop), who does not agree that it is beneficial that track and road racing should have simultaneous seasons.

The argument that influenced this decision — proposed by Bruce Goldsworthy — was that this was the way the Continentals raced; they are the world's best by a street, therefore it is right.

But there is more than a sneaking impression that the delegates made their decision without consultation with the people most affected — the riders.

One who is very outstanding in both facets of the sport, Blair Stockwell, has come out against the proposal. And just as significantly so has Charlie Manins, an Australian official of vast international experience who will be the commissaire for the Commonwealth Games.

Without the knowledge that the nine-month season was being investigated, Manins discussed the chances of New Zealand and Australia at the Commonwealth Games. The disadvantages to both, he said, were that they were "outside the hub of world cycling. The British teams are not, but they will be competing out of season."

Manins went on: "It is said the British have the advantage of better competition because of their proximity to Europe. I don't agree; I think we have better competition in this part of the world."

"I think having road and track racing at the same time is a tremendous disadvantage to the British. I could not agree at all with the idea that it is beneficial to race the two together."

"Just look at the fields for the Belgian professional track championships: two sprinters, two individual pursuiter — and one of those was the world champion; and one in the motor-paced. This is in the country of Eddie Merckx."

"The track in Europe is gone, it's finished. The revenge series after the world championships, and the Grand Prix, have some attraction; the most successful track meetings are in Denmark, but only once or twice a year."

"Goodness gracious, to race every week as you do here . . . there would just be no interest at all. I try and tell our blokes that Britain and Europe are just catching up with us."

"Do you know," Manins added, "they have just decided in England to hold the track championships all at the same time. We've been doing that for years."

Manins unleashed a few facts: "There are 115 cycling federations in the world, and 14 of them have professionals. When a man becomes a professional, he is at the top of his sport — unless he is a track rider."

And finally, the most telling comment: "I don't think there are enough cyclists in this part of the world to support road and track together."

This was a point taken up by Blair Stockwell, who has a vast array of credentials to support his ranking in a very short list of New Zealand's top all-rounders. On the track, the greatest record-breaker the country has seen, the finest individual pursuiter since Dalton, the best teams pursuiter.



Bruce Biddle . . .

On the road, again, the best teams rider we have seen, always prominent in the national championships (once runner-up, once fourth), and in 1972 the road cyclist of the year, even if Bruce Biddle was given the award, for his performances in the tours.

Of the road-track season, Stockwell said: "I don't think we can do it in New Zealand. We have to keep the two as separate identities or too many riders will favour the road because of the greater rewards and because training for the road is more simple, less complex."

Stockwell was sure, too, that the Continentals and the Brits "would race outdoors (they have six-day track races indoors in winter) if they could, if weather conditions were better. We are only more or less lucky here that we have

mild winters and are able to race all year."

This is the most important and most overlooked point by the proponents of the European season. Climate, that great factor which determines so many things about sport, is all that has influenced the Europeans (which the British have been since January 1) in the timing and length of their cycling season(s).

Even in the winter, the more hardy souls turn to cyclo-cross; before the winter is over, the road riders are training for the early-season classics, such as the Harp Lager; and the Milk Race, the finest and hardest race in Britain, is raced as early as May.

A point in favour of the nine-month racing, three-month rest season was made by Charlie Manins: "In Britain, they have a wonderful lay-off period, whereas we kill off our officials. A rider can make up his mind whether or not he rides, and if he doesn't turn up, it's OK. But no officials . . ."

Back to Stockwell with his idea of a more satisfactory solution to the cold (?) New Zealand winter months: "I would like the road nationals in early December, as they were for a time."

"That way, there could be a later start to the season and it would also help the track. Riders would have the basic strength from their road season to go onto the track, where they wouldn't with a gap between the seasons."

And Stockwell pointed to one problem if mid-winter racing was eliminated altogether: "Teams going away to Games usually leave about July-August, and with this funny, long season they would have no competition."

"The competition they do get — the road competition we got before Munich — might not be the best, but it is something."

Finally, back to this peculiar year in which the track will start early, the road will go late, and all because of the 10-day festival in Christchurch in January-February. This is the year in which cyclists must make a choice and have to decide what they will ride.

For Stockwell, the choice is simple: he wants to ride the track, just as he did at Edinburgh, Munich and the Leicester world championships in 1970.

"The only problem is when to stop riding the road and concentrate on riding the track," he said. "But there is the disappointment that I will have no chance of riding the road race at the nationals, the first time for me they

would have been in my own territory."

"But it's a pretty hard course, so I'm not too worried. On that course, it would need a rider to prepare specially for that race, where it might normally have been possible to ride both."

Stockwell, however, feels he might still be able to ride the 100km team time trial, an event in which he has won four gold medals.

"The track champs will be over, with the road racing I will have done, and the distance being only 62 miles there is no reason why I shouldn't ride."

"They do it overseas, fellows like Xaver Kurmann, Knut Knudsen, Fedor den Hertog, Gosta Petterson — they've all won medals in both at the same championships or Games, or otherwise performed well."

Stockwell has never had a problem in making a choice, except in the sense that he has always had to give the road a miss even though one of the best roadmen in New Zealand.

The problem of choice will be less easy for others. What does Robert Oliver do, for example?

Individual pursuit champion a year and a half ago, he has not progressed since then and the return of Stockwell, the continued development of Rene Heyde and the rise of Grant Strahl could cost him a place on the track.

Oliver could perform well on the Cashmere course, lightly-built as he is — but he has to make the choice.

What sort of choice will Lyn Cooper make? He is national road champion and Cashmere should suit him, but he is also a team pursuit champion and might have leanings that way.

And the best example of all: just what will Paul Brydon do? Here is a rider of vast all-round talents, as skilled in a track sprint as he is in a road tour. Brydon stayed in Europe after the Olympics but, because of the aforementioned demise of the track, he is gaining experience only on the road.

It may be in New Zealand's interest, and his own, for Brydon to leave the road race to the likes of Biddle, Bryce Beeston, Vern Hanarary, Barry Ulyatt and one or two others; but Paul has confessed to a hankering to prove something to himself and to others on the road.

When he returns shortly, Brydon will have to join the rest of the fringe candidates, and the all-rounders, and decide where his Games hopes lie.

HOCKEY. by C.V. Walter

CANTERBURY'S EIGHTH IN A ROW



AS Trevor Blake (in picture) rebuilds the Whangarei side, so it will re-emerge as a power in New Zealand hockey. Indeed, it finished third in the recent New Zealand Challenge Shield tournament in Christchurch.

CANTERBURY'S victory for the eighth year in succession and its retention of the New Zealand Challenge Shield were not won without serious challenge, but that challenge was too restricted for the health of New Zealand.

Seven Canterbury players were on duty at the World Cup tournament, although C. R. Ineson was selected while resident in England. Canterbury had also exported J. J. Borren to Holland since 1972 and T. Burrows had moved to Wellington, for whom he appeared to considerable effect against his old province.

In these circumstances Canterbury was in a similar situation to that of 1968 and 1972, yet its only real threat was offered by Wellington. The tournament was plagued by bad weather, and most of the matches on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were played on grounds churned by rain and wear into slush heaps.

On these days Canterbury played Manawatu, Waikato and Whangarei, and it was significant that its superior stickwork allowed some degree of manoeuvre and combination in circumstances which reduced its opponents to helplessness.

Was this not one of the important lessons which the great Indian teams of the past taught us in this country?

Mud ought to be the leveller because it restricts mobility, but if the tactical approach is correct for the conditions the stickwork cannot be denied.

Canterbury was perhaps fortunate in being placed in the easier pool. The other pool contained Otago, Wellington and Auckland, and their involvements must have produced a greater strain physically.

On the first day, Otago narrowly defeated Wellington then struggled desperately to snatch a draw with Auckland and, after emerging without defeat from section play, endured a further close struggle in beating Whangarei by 2-1 in the semi-final.

There was little rest here for a team which had to meet Canterbury in the final, and this experience must have

contributed to Canterbury's marked superiority in the last quarter of that match.

Early in the tournament Auckland appeared to pose a threat, but its lack of experience was evident when it met a very determined Wellington, reinforced by the arrival of B. L. Turner, whose presence on the first day might have changed the semi-final positions and brought his team to the final.

Otago had been fortunate in his absence. Auckland struggled desperately against Wellington, but finally collapsed in the deluge of a six goals margin. The pundits read more from this result than did the Canterbury players, whose resolve was strengthened by it.

Whangarei brought a number of young players to the tournament and found goals difficult to acquire. Its winning margins were narrow, but its defence was notably strengthened by R. McPherson in goal.

His form was excellent, his experience obvious, and there were times when he almost played Canterbury on his own in the final match of section play.

Although there was no score in this game, Canterbury dominated it in terms of territory and attack, and twice had the ball in the net without reward.

There was consolation for Whangarei when it defeated Wellington for third place, but by then Wellington was reacting to its semi-final defeat and was but a shadow of the team which had fought such a fight on the previous day.

As Trevor Blake's rebuilding of Whangarei continues, that province will again emerge as a serious contender and a threat to all. What of Barry Berkeley and his work with Otago?

Four years ago, Otago was in the minor provinces grade. From there it gained promotion to improve steadily to

sixth, third and now second. This is a spectacular advance and has been built upon a strongly organised defence.

The attack is somewhat restricted, but the organisation and morale of the team have vastly developed. In his unspectacular and rather cryptic manner Barry has performed wonders.

Throughout the tournament Otago owed much to the skill and efforts of R. H. Campbell, P. Ashton, K. Carpenter, R. McIlroy and D. Campbell (no mean goalkeeper, this one).

To its credit Wellington came to the tournament determined to take the Shield, and there is no doubt that its match with Canterbury was the real final.

Its defence was based upon T. Manning in goal, P. Benfield and K. Towns as backs, and D. Henderson and Turner in the half-line.

B. R. Judge on the right wing was the main striking force, with Burrows a constructive distributor and the remaining forwards swift opportunists and capable of much harassment.

Had it beaten Canterbury, I think it would have won the final, and its fourth ranking is not a position of natural justice.

This match was similar in many respects to the 1972 final. Both teams were bent upon spoiling the constructions of their opponents, and the close marking caused high error rates. In addition erratic trapping or none at all by the Canterbury forwards added to their team's difficulties.

Canterbury owed its success to its sound and stubborn defence, to its ability to contain Judge, and to the flexibility of its tactics in its going-forward play, when for a period during extra time it took a calculated risk, which contributed to the winning goal.

Thereafter, Canterbury closed the game completely, but it is rare to see this process in operation along the left side-line.

Canterbury is well aware that it is lonely at the top. Its long reign has increased the ranks of those who consider that it is time for a change, and there is heavy psychological pressure on a team which has all to lose and nothing to gain.

Because of my personal involvement with the team, I hope that I may be forgiven for paying a tribute to its players.

Because of the loss of national representatives (I must point out here that Auckland was also seriously affected) they must completely divest themselves of any suggestion of being understudies or second eleven players, and must

accept fully the responsibilities of a Shield team at full strength.

Their devotion and dedication to intensive practices throughout the season would not be surpassed in any other sport, and their unity, sense of purpose and determination are tremendous assets.

Canterbury has been fortunate for a long time to have available players of the calibre of B. J. Aldridge, P. F. Clark, R. Best, K. Thomson and W. A. Thomson.

The first three have never represented New Zealand, but over the years I have seen, coming and going, quite a few national tycoons not in their class.

They depart more quickly than they come in most cases, but these three have demonstrated a consistency for which only ability can account.

The Thomsons have their critics; but it is no accident that they have played in winning teams. There is a tendency to underline their lapses — the winning teams are grateful for their virtues, one of the many important points which the critics tend to ignore, to their consternation.

Canterbury also owed much to its younger players. G. Marshall was sound, safe and consistent at left-half, which is to say that he played splendidly.

N. Coster looked like a "find" at right-back, but there was logic behind the discovery, and P. D. Ackerley cannot much longer go on being under-rated at right-half.

C. G. Maister was not quite in his Timaru form, yet he managed to run as far. This year, however, he was in second place, because A. Borren was everywhere.

Borren covered everyone except himself — unfortunately, because his trapping would have been better with a ghost at his elbow — and his harassing and anticipation in the midfield area were an integral part of Canterbury's defence and a swift means to counter-attack.

In goal a young man named D. Stuthridge assumed the McHarg mantle with distinction, and his partner, M. Fitzsimmons, complained in two games about lack of work, a complaint which was not supported by his colleagues.

Canterbury also had E. Holstein, R. Bailey and D. Small, and the collective ability of the fifteen players enabled it to pace the tournament carefully with each player appearing at least twice.

In this way, all made an important contribution. The cliché that this was a team effort happens to be true, but is not team effort that which hockey is all about?

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SPORTS QUIZ..

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

FIFTEEN questions this month, fairly varied. A maximum is 50 points. A pass is 35 because we feel you should score extra well from the big nine-point question number 10. Answers, page 48.

1. Who were those two Pacific Islands wing-three-quarters who came here as guests of the New Zealand Rugby Union for a couple of matches in invitation sides against the All Blacks in August? (2 pts).

2. National League soccer men—which clubs?: Tom Randles, Glen Winter, George Flecknor (3 pts).

3. And these lesser lights among the country's rugby talent, each of whom makes a decided contribution to his union: which unions?: "Tank" Gordon, Noel Hawkins, Roy Noble (3 pts).

4. Who is the national amateur middleweight boxing champion? (2 pts).

5. In which sports would you find the following sets of brothers?: Jack and Bill Winder, Richard and Brian Purser, Ronnie and David Jackson (3 pts).

6. On this year's New Zealand cricket tour of England, in first-class matches there were only 13 'ducks' by our batsmen. Of the six who did not record a 'duck', how many are in this list and who are they?: Turner, Parker, Hastings, Anderson (5 pts).

7. What are the highest match scores by teams in (a) Ranfurly Shield and (b) all provincial rugby, and by which sides were they amassed? (4 pts).

8. When the Stoke City soccer team played here earlier this year, what was its win-loss record in the four matches? (3 pts).

9. Remember that Scottish Rugby Union seven-a-side tournament at Edinburgh in April last? Can you remember who the two pool winners (and thus tournament finalists) were and who won the final? (3 pts).

10. Here's a worthwhile one to lift your score. What are the nine sports on the Christchurch Commonwealth Games calendar? (9 pts, one for each sport).

11. More sets of brothers; which sports?: Jan and Tur Borren, Jeff and Les Rackley, Murray and Rod Jones (3 pts).

12. In what other sport has champion cricketer Glen Turner played at representative level? (2 pts).

13. Who was the first of the seven New Zealand cricketers who have been selected by *Wisden* among their 'Five Players of the Year' (and we exclude Sid Smith, who had not come to New Zealand when named in 1915)? (4 pts).

14. What were the pre-war venues (name the cities) of the British Empire Games (1930, 1934, 1938)? (3 pts).

15. An easy one to finish. Name the park in Christchurch on which the 1974 Commonwealth Games athletics and swimming complex stands? (1 pt).

COLTS' TOUR IS ALREADY PAYING ITS DIVIDENDS

WITHIN a month of the return of the 19-man squad and their coach, Mr George Menzies, there had been a number of encouraging signs that the Kiwi Colts' rugby league tour of Queensland earlier this season would achieve its objectives.

The three fixtures across the Tasman were arranged as an aftermath of the cancellation of the French and Leeds visits to this country, with the intention of providing experience for candidates in line for selection for the home tests with Britain next year and the 1975 World Cup tournament.

It is believed that the cost to the New Zealand Rugby League was nearly \$7000, but if the trip develops as many future internationals as the 1969 national under-23 tour of New South Wales, then it will be well worth while.

Of the 1969 party, Don Ladner (West Coast), Bill Noonan (Canterbury), Doug Galley (Auckland), Graeme Cooksley (Canterbury) and Brian Clarke (Auckland) swiftly advanced to full international honours and were members of the triumphant Second Test XIII against Australia that same year.

Bob McGuinn (then Auckland, now Otago), Ray Wilson (Auckland), Rod Walker (Canterbury) and Bill Burgoyne (Auckland) were others to win senior test caps in quick time.

Apart from Noonan (in his fourth, and most successful, season in Sydney), Clarke and the injured McGuinn, they were still among the top contenders for the last World Cup squad.

In terms of results, the Kiwi Colts fashioned a better record than their predecessors. The under-23 tourists were beaten by powerful Newcastle and Wollongong combinations before winning over a Sydney Second Division team; the Colts lost to the Queensland state side and accounted for Ipswich and Wide Bay.

There is no point in pondering the wisdom of opening the brief itinerary with the

Queensland fixture, easily the toughest and most prestigious of the three. It mattered not that the Colts lost, only that the New Zealanders gave a good account of themselves against a team that had spent three weeks of preparation and had benefited from two games with New South Wales.

Led by the former Kangaroo prop and skipper, John Sattler, the Bananalanders emerged with a 10-4 advantage, but "Satts" and his teammates had praise for the Kiwi Colts after a strenuous tussle.

The Colts went on to comfortably dispose of Ipswich, 21-14, before providing evidence of their improvement with a defeat of a quite highly-rated Wide Bay district team, 19-6, in atrocious conditions, so much so, indeed, that the local power system failed and the floodlights went out to end the match prematurely.

On his return, Mr Menzies said that he was very satisfied with the displays of his players. He even went a step further and nominated half a dozen of them as strong candidates to meet the British in 1974: the World Cup forwards, Tony Coll (West Coast) and Peter Gurnick (Auckland), the Colts skipper and centre, Billy Johnsen (West Coast), and the Auckland threesome, Len Hall (wing), Lindsay Proctor (prop) and Kevin Barry (scrum-half).

Coll and Gurnick lived up to the reputations they made in France last November, while the third international in the squad, Warren Collicot (Auckland), is said to have strengthened his defence to complement the thrustful running that has been a trademark of his full-back play.

An unlucky trialist for past test and touring combinations, Johnsen was a leading light in West Coast's excellent inter-provincial form this season, the try that he contributed in the 25-14 win over the hot favourite, Auckland, being his tenth in seven games. At 26, he must still be conceded a good chance of adding a Kiwi jersey to his list of accomplishments.

However, the Colts' coaching school and tour brought to light the talents, especially in the enthusiasm of his tackling, of the Otahuhu and now Auckland centre, Bob Jarvis.

Johnsen will have to dispute the test berths with Jarvis as well as Dennis Williams (Auckland), John O'Sullivan (Auckland), who has recovered from a frustrating series of leg injuries, the very versatile John Whittaker (Wellington), possibly Roy Christian (Auckland), if he makes a comeback after a season of rest, and another Colts representative, Eddie Orchard (Bay of Plenty).

Whether Barry progresses to national test ranking — to add to the New Zealand Universities cap that he gained, along with the Colts and Auckland hooker, Brian Donnelly, two years ago — will depend on whether Ken Stirling (Auckland) regains form and fitness; and on the outcome of his rivalry with the other Aucklanders, Shane Dowsett and Brian Tracey.

Similarly, Hall would have to show himself to be better than the stars of the 1971 tour of Britain and France, Mocky Brereton (Canterbury) and Phil Orchard (Wellington), Whittaker and the 18-year-old Auckland and Colts flankman, Ashley McEwen.

Proctor, a 21-year-old policeman who weighs in at more than 16st, has the best chance of immediate advancement. There is a serious scarcity of props in this country as a result of the overseas transfers of Robert Orchard, Henry Tatana, Brian Anderson and Noonan.

Challenge

THE contrasting responses of the rugby league and rugby union administrators on the West Coast to equally different challenges perhaps explains to some extent why league has more than held its own in the Greymouth area.

When Marlborough upset Canterbury in the first Ranfurly Shield fixture this season, the Coasters received the chance to take the Log 'o Wood as well as the Seddon Shield. But rules prevented both trophies from being at stake in the same game.

So the Coast rugby union heads elected to seek only the lesser prize — because it would receive half of the gate takings under the Seddon Shield laws. It could not afford the \$600 to make another trip to Blenheim.

About the same time the West Coast rugby league side unexpectedly eliminated Canterbury and reached the Rothmans tournament finals. It was required to travel to Wellington and then Whangarei, only two-thirds of the travelling costs being sponsored, and none of the accommodation and other expenses.

But the daunting task of raising the finance did not worry the dedicated group of enthusiasts who have overcome many obstacles in their time.

Perhaps it was poetic justice that on one afternoon late in August the Coast union squad dipped badly, 7-27, to Marlborough at Blenheim, while the league side confounded the critics by overcoming Auckland, 27-14, in the only home game of the Rothmans play-offs.

There is no doubt which administration won the applause of sportsmen throughout the country.

SPORTING CALENDAR

What N.Z. Sportsmen Are Doing In October

BOXING

October:

1-3 NEW ZEALAND SENIOR and INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS, at Hamilton

CROQUET

22 President's Intermediate tournament, at Tauranga
29 President's junior tournament, at Wellington

GOLF

20, 21 Open tournament, at Cambridge
20-22 Tournaments at Castlecliff, Gore, Greenacres, Morrinsville, Marton, Napier, Nelson, Opoiki, Rotorua, Takapau, Tauranga, Whangarei; Buller Open championships, at Westport
21 Tournaments at Kaikoura, Mt Nessing, Pupuke, Waikare
22 Tournaments at Alexandra, Hawera, Hutt, Inglewood, Manawatu, St Clair, Tumahu, Waitara, Wanganui

MOTOR RACING

7 GTX championships, at Terefonta
14 B and D championships, at Pukekohe; Bank of N.S.W. championships, at Ruapuna
21 Bank of N.S.W. championships, at Tauranga; GTX championships at Timaru; Gold Star hill-climb, at Urenui
27-28 Bank of N.S.W. championships, at Manfield

RACING

2 Waipukurau J.C.
3 Waikato H.C.
6 Winton J.C.; Auckland R.C.; Masterton R.C.
10 Waverley R.C.
13 Geraldine R.C.; Auckland R.C.; Wellington R.C.
15 Stratford R.C.
17 Egmont R.C.
20 Rotorua R.C.; Wellington R.C.; Gore R.C.
22 Gore R.C.; North Canterbury R.C.; Waikato R.C.; Wellington R.C.
24 Whangarei R.C.
26 Whangarei R.C.
27 Avondale J.C.; Bay of Plenty R.C.; Rangitikei R.C.; Banks Peninsula R.C.; Wyndham R.C.
31 Napier Park R.C.

RUGBY

1 West Coast v. Auckland, at Greymouth
3 Buller v. Auckland, at Westport

TROTTING

1 Wanganui T.C.
3 Wanganui T.C.
6 Banks Peninsula T.C.; Forbury Park T.C.*
8 Te Awamutu T.C.*
12 Te Awamutu T.C.*
13 Forbury Park T.C.*
15 Greymouth T.C.*
17 Greymouth T.C.*
20 Auckland T.C.*; Oamaru T.C.
22 Oamaru T.C.
24 Auckland T.C.*
26 Canterbury Park T.C.*
27 Otaki T.C.*; Waikouaiti T.C.
29 Kaikoura T.C.
30 Masterton T.C.*

*Night meeting

WRESTLING

5, 6 NEW ZEALAND AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS, at Christchurch



GAULT'S 'GAFFS'

'Howlers', redundant comment and amusing errors read and heard around the news media by IAN GAULT.

"The All Blacks' pack, however, played well with full-back Joe Karam the star."

—N.Z.P.A. newspaper report, All Blacks v. Maoris rugby game at Rotorua.

"At Levin, Varsity A crushed Wanderers, 71-10 (at rugby). Wanderers forwards held their own against Varsity A . . ."

—Wellington newspaper report, August 4. Are they going to blame the poor old Wanderers' backs for it all? If Wanderers' forwards 'held their own', where did Varsity get all that ball from?

"The other goal in the first half was a brilliant solo effort by Trevena-Brown. He received the ball outside the 25 and dribbled around the Naenae defence before shooting high into the net."

—Saturday evening newspaper club soccer report, August 4. So they have '25s' in soccer, too?

"They're into the 56th minute of the first half . . ."

—'Sporting Life' TV commentator during All Blacks v. Maoris rugby game at Rotorua, August 8.

"Waterside and Porirua United drew 0-0 in a lively Central League first division soccer match at the Basin Reserve today . . . at half-time there was no score."

—August 4 club soccer, Wellington newspaper. That half-time score was useful.

It seems our politicians may have had sport on their minds when a radio news bulletin told us on August 10: "The Government won the issue by 41 points to 18."

We thought we were going to have the month's best 'gaff' when veteran N.Z.B.C. rugby commentator Bob Irvine came forth with "It's 8-all to the New Zealand Maoris" during the Maoris-All Blacks game at Rotorua but Bob picked himself up later with "Sorry, I did mean the teams are level at 8-all." Nothing wrong with the reflexes, Bob!



WORLD OF SPORT

German soccer over its 'panic'

THE 'state of emergency' in West German soccer has receded. Spain, where he is now contracted to Real Madrid, has promised to release its recent capture from the Moenchengladbach F.C., Gunter Netzer, not only for its 1974 World Cup matches but also for five or six warm-up matches for the German XI. "Netzer, We Need You!" screamed Germany's newspapers (see August 'Sports Digest', page 16) after their defeat by Brazil in Berlin. Picture shows Netzer (right) greeting another great German star, Gerd Muller, who has, by decree of the West German F.C., had to turn down an enticing offer from Barcelona, another Spanish club.



AUSTRALIA—Harold Larwood, reviled or acclaimed (depending on whether you were Australian or Englishman) as a result of his decisive part in the defeat of Australia by Douglas Jardine's 1932-33 England cricket side in Australia, now has his "own eleven." The former Nottinghamshire thunderbolt, still held to be the greatest fast bowler the world ever knew—and probably the fastest—is now 68 and has been living in Australia since 1950. Recently the Larwoods welcomed home their daughter, Mrs Freda Bashford (her husband is a former N.S.W. Colts player—a fast bowler!), who had given birth to a son who thus completes Harold Larwood's "eleven."

The delighted Larwood said: "I've got six grandsons and five granddaughters. That's my team and we're all very happy." The man who played professional cricket for Nottinghamshire and England between 1922 and 1939 and who became the central figure in 1932-33 in the most explosive tests of all time, recalls the 'Bodyline' series with unconcealed pride, describing them as "good old days — there was one continual roar from start to finish". Of Sir Donald Bradman, the reason for 'Bodyline' bowling's evolution in the first place, Larwood says: "He was terrific. Everything he did was unorthodox. There'll never be another like him." A photographer asked Mr Larwood to pose with his favourite memento. He turned to the sitting room mantelpiece, and took down the cricket ball with which he took 5-28 in the First Test at Sydney in 1932.

AUSTRALIA — Harry Collins, English-born ex-welter and middleweight boxing champion of Australia, and never beaten for either title, has died in Sydney, whence he migrated from Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, as a youth. Collins, 70 at his death, fought professional from 1920-27. In 1924 he beat Archie Bradley for the Australian welter title and the following year took the middleweight crown from Alf Stewart, relinquishing both when he returned to England for a campaign in 1926. One fight in the country of his birth, a two-round knockout by Bart Mallina in London, drove Collins back to Australia and into retirement, aged only 24. He had had 41 fights for 31 wins, two draws, one 'no contest' and only seven defeats. One of the first of the many Australian champions (of whom Dave Sands was the greatest) trained in Newcastle by Tom Maguire, Collins beat good men like Hughie Dwyer, once the triple champion of Australia, Tommy Uren, Sid Godfrey, Eddie Butcher, Ernie Rice of England, the Americans 'Hop' Harry Stone and 'Frisco' McGale, and in 1925 won on points over 20 rounds from the New Zealand light-heavy

and heavyweight and ex-middleweight champion, Eddie Parker.

AUSTRALIA — If you still don't believe professional wrestling is pure theatre, try this one for size. Spiros Arion and Mark Lewin tangled with The Great Togo and Waldo von Erich at Hordern Pavilion, Sydney, not long ago — in a steel cage and with no referee!

BRAZIL — The national soccer team members of Brazil are boycotting the Press. They have decided not to grant interviews as a mark of protest against what they feel was unjustified newspaper criticism of their recent European tour. The 85 journalists who accompanied the team concocted some fantastic stories in a bid to outscout each other. Sixty-one writs have been taken out by players against touring pressmen!

COLOMBIA — Bibiano Zapirain is the Stanley Matthews of Latin America. Zapirain, 53, is still active in Colombian First Division soccer. In the 1940s he played for Inter Milan, Nacional Montevideo and also for Millionarios, where his team-mate was Alfredo Di Stefano.

ENGLAND — Golfer Tony Jacklin, former British and U.S. Open champion, drove his Rolls-Royce out through the gates of his half-million dollar country mansion on the way to play in the Piccadilly Medal. Crunch! He collided with a sightseeing motorist. "I was just driving past to look at your house and I was wondering if I might bump into you," said the motorist sheepishly.

ENGLAND — Graham Roope, the 27-year-old Surrey cricketer who played in all three test matches for England against New Zealand this summer, is also well known in the soccer world, having

played amateur football for Corinthian Casuals, Wimbledon and Guildford City as a goalkeeper. Roope hit a useful double of 56 and 51 in the Second Test but totalled only 48 runs in the other two and was hardly used as a bowler. He did not look like an England No. 3 batsman and may find his place at somewhere about No. 6 if he is to stay in the side.

ENGLAND — Wilfred Rhodes, the great Yorkshireman who began first-class cricket as a No. 11 batsman and ended up opening the England innings, and who remained until he was past 50 one of the great bowlers of the game (he was recalled to the England side at 52), has died at the age of 95. The noted cricket writer Neville Cardus once admitted that of Rhodes he wrote "one of the best bits of prose of my life". It ran thus: "Flight was his secret, flight and the curving line now higher, now lower, tempting, inimical; every ball like every other ball, yet somehow unlike, each over in collusion with the other, part of a plot. Every ball a decoy, a spy sent out to get the lie of the land; some balls simple, some complex, some easy, some difficult; and one of them — ah, which? — the master ball."

ENGLAND — Eight players have achieved the honour of playing 100 soccer games for their country, and three are Englishmen. They are: Bobby Moore (England) 107 caps, Bobby Charlton (England) 106, Billy Wright (England) 105, Leonel Sanchez (Chile) 104, Sven Svensson (Norway) 104, Gilmar (Brazil) 100, Djalma Santos (Brazil) 100, Jozsef Bozsik (Hungary) 100.

ENGLAND — English soccer gates last season slumped to their lowest since the war. Crowds at the four professional divisions were down a staggering 3,252,097 fans on the previous season. Only 22 of the 92 League clubs were able to report higher gates than a year earlier. Second Division lost most spectators — 1,100,000. Only two clubs topped the magic million mark in spectators in 1972/73 — Manchester United and Liverpool.

FRANCE — Italian-based Argentinian Carlos Monzon will now defend his world middleweight boxing title against Frenchman Jean-Claude Bouttier in Paris on

September 29. Original date was September 8. The fight is being organised by French film actor Alain Delon, who announced he had secured final agreement for the bout from Monzon's European manager, Rodolfo Sabbatini. It will be their second world title clash. On June 17 last year Monzon stopped Bouttier in the 13th round at Colombes Stadium in Paris.

GREECE — Sotiros Michas, the referee of the controversial European Cup-Winners' Cup soccer final between AC Milan and Leeds some weeks ago, will be suspended by the Greek Referees' Association, which is most unhappy with his performance. "Greek referees are the laughing stock of Europe because of his display," they claim.

HAWAII — Fancy playing some golf in Hawaii? If you tee off at the Volcano Country Club on the slopes of the active volcano Mauna Loa, then you'd be best advised to take advantage of local rules. A player is permitted to return the ball to its original lie without penalty, for instance, once the earth has stopped shaking!

ITALY — In Milan, Marcello Fiasconaro, now of South Africa, set up a brilliant new 800 metres track world record. His time of 1m 43.7s for the exacting race betters the joint record set by the great New Zealander Peter Snell and later equalled by Ralph Doubell (Australia) and Dave Wottle (U.S.A.) by 0.6s. A few days before, another South African, Danie Malan, running in Munich, bettered another world mark, the 1000 metres, by 0.2s with 2m 16s.

KUWAIT — The soccer authorities in Kuwait seem to have the solution to brawling and rough play. Any player sent from the field is automatically stood down — for one year!

SPAIN — A Spanish soccer referee from Murcia has been suspended for 25 years. He was charged with accepting a \$3,000 bribe to help a club called Orihuela gain promotion to a regional league. But why 25 years? Isn't any referee who sells any game for any reason not wanted for keeps?

HERE ARE THE CARRY-OVERS

COLTS' LEAGUE TOUR (Continued from page 44)

Galley is still the most reliable, but his World Cup team-mates, Don Mann, Mita Mohi and Bob Paul, have dropped from the first-class scene, and John Greengrass is better suited to the second-row.

Others have made an impression since their return from the Colts' tour. Trevor Chetham, who has the unusual occupation — for the rugby league code — of being a dairy farmer, coached Northland into the Rothmans tournament finals and is a utility forward of considerable ability.

The other specialist prop, Steve Brewster, has won a front-row place in the Auckland team, and Tom Conroy is the province's reserve forward. Wayne Robertson has packed down at the back of Auckland's scrum in succession to Tony Krileitch and recently was chosen as the "Player of the Year" in the Queen City.

Nolan Tupaea, the elusive Wellington stand-off half, plans to further his knowledge of the code with the Wigan Club in Britain during the next off-season. A few months of hard football in the tough school in the north of England should hone the rough edges from his game.

Among the features of Australian rugby league which made the greatest impression on the young tourists were the six-tackle rule and the accuracy and effect of the tactical kicking of their opponents.

Johnsen, at least, learned quickly. One of the West Coast's tries in its shock defeat of Auckland was scored by the inside back, Kevin Murcott — from a kick by Johnsen.

There was widespread agreement that the six-tackle variation of New Zealand's (and the official international) four-tackle rule had more in favour of it than against it. They were of the opinion that more constructive manoeuvres could be planned and used, without a return to the bargaining that was a sore point with the old unlimited tackle laws.

Unless many experienced judges are very wrong, the Colts' tour will provide a reservoir of candidates for the major international assignments ahead.

LISTEN, IT'S A GOAL! (Continued from page 11)

It achieved this by giving him an indispensable standard by which to judge teams and players who, from now on, especially backs, would be measured against the skills and performances of the Kiwis.

It meant further that he had a more-than-nodding acquaintance with future All Black captains and selectors, with New Zealand Rugby Union officials and with All Black touring managers.

It is hardly to be wondered at that his first loyalty, both personal and critical, is to that famous Army team. Nor should it be forgotten that a good deal of their fame was due to his very skilful publicising of their efforts.

I doubt if he ever again got as much sheer pleasure out of his broadcasting work, unless it would be when he was describing the play of Ron Jarden and the Victoria University team of the fifties.

In the post-war years he very soon became one of the best-known voices on radio. I had forgotten just what a wide range of sporting activities he has broadcast; in addition to rugby, in this period he described boxing, cricket, golf, soccer, Olympic and Empire Games contests in a variety of sports, rugby league, even a game of Australian Rules.

But to New Zealanders he was the doyen of rugby commentators, first and foremost.

Indeed, one of the most persistent criticisms that I heard levelled against him was that he tried to be an expert at everything and perhaps ended by losing the sharp edge of his talent as a rugby broadcaster.

This book gives an indirect but effective reply to this criticism, for it makes quite clear that the demands of his work as sports supervisor in a period when sport was making a big post-war revival largely forced these many roles behind him.

In any case, he obviously couldn't just take six months' holiday in the non-rugby season!

Eventually, Winston and the N.Z.B.C. parted company in the sense that he no longer worked for them on a continuous, full-time basis, but instead became one of the early examples of contract announcers, now so numerous on radio and television.

In this capacity he broadcast the 1956 Springboks' tour and that by the 1959 Lions. In that of journalist he was able to upset a lot of people with his weekly press writings from South Africa in 1970.

However, the appearance of this autobiography would tend to suggest the role of "elder statesman" is the one he will now occupy.

In his time he has been one of the most controversial figures in New Zealand rugby, outside the immediate limits of the players.

He has been praised, and rightly so, for the inimitable qualities he brought to the field of match description. He could not only sustain the drama being played out on the field, he was sometimes guilty of heightening it.

But certainly, the hearer knew what was happening on the field and he knew where it was happening and he knew what the score was. Not all modern commentators remember that these are the main things that listeners want to know.

Admittedly, when he began to enter into the field of opinion and when he appeared to become involved in too wide a range of sports to be really expert in all of them, his reputation declined, never again to reach the same heights.

More and more, especially after the advent of television, his type of commentary ceased to be either so attractive or so necessary.

Whether one could ever be sure that 'Scotty' had retired, I would very much doubt, but perhaps this is his swan-song. I think it's not a bad one.

Certainly, it reads like the vintage McCarthy. One can almost hear him telling some of the stories about tours and games, about people and incidents.

He has forsaken what had become an irritating verbal mannerism, namely, the unending use of the 'in' nickname — there is none of the endless 'Sully' and 'Kirky' that tended to turn off the audiences waiting for the live telecasts during the tour of Britain, for instance.

Certainly it is pretty kindly and far more forgiving than another recent book that we must stop advertising. There are no real 'inside' stories, no scandal.

He continues to praise his heroes and is a good deal more Christian to his critics than many of them would be, or have been, to him.

His day may well have passed. I think, however, that he has chosen a good title for this perhaps definitive book about himself. It is a constant reminder of how much he did through the years to bring to an uncountable number of people a more vivid word-picture of the game of rugby than anyone else before or since.

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Tali Kavapalu (Tonga) and Vuniani Varo (Fiji); 2. Christchurch United, Stop Out, Gisborne City; 3. King Country, Wellington, South Canterbury; 4. Les Rackley (Nelson); 5. Racing (gallops), badminton, boxing.
6. Three — Parker, Hastings, Anderson; 7. 77 by Hawkes Bay v. Wairarapa (14) in 1926, and 101 by Counties against East Coast (7) in 1972; 8. Played 4, won 3, lost 1; 9. England and Ireland, and England won the final; 10. Athletics (track and field), badminton, bowls, boxing, cycling, shooting, swimming (and diving), weightlifting, wrestling.
11. Hockey, boxing, rugby; 12. Hockey; 13. Roger Blunt in 1928; 14. Hamilton (Canada), London and Sydney respectively; 15. Queen Elizabeth II Park.

MILESTONES

● Died:

GEORGE GILES, leading Canterbury cyclist of 1930s, N.Z. time trial (1936, 1937, 1938), sprint (1936, 1938) and 10 miles (1936, 1938) champion, N.Z. representative at Olympic Games (1936 at Berlin)—at Wanganui, July 14, aged 59.

GEOFFREY PERRY, Auckland, member Air New Zealand motor cycling team, No. 1 rider for Japanese Suzuki works team, New Zealand's foremost world championship contender, N.Z. and S.E. Asian champion, son of ex-N.Z. T.T., G.P., airfield, hill-climb, beach and speedway champion Len Perry—killed with 77 others in Pan-Am Boeing 707 aircraft crash two miles north of Papeete harbour, Tahiti (90sec after takeoff), on July 23, aged 23.

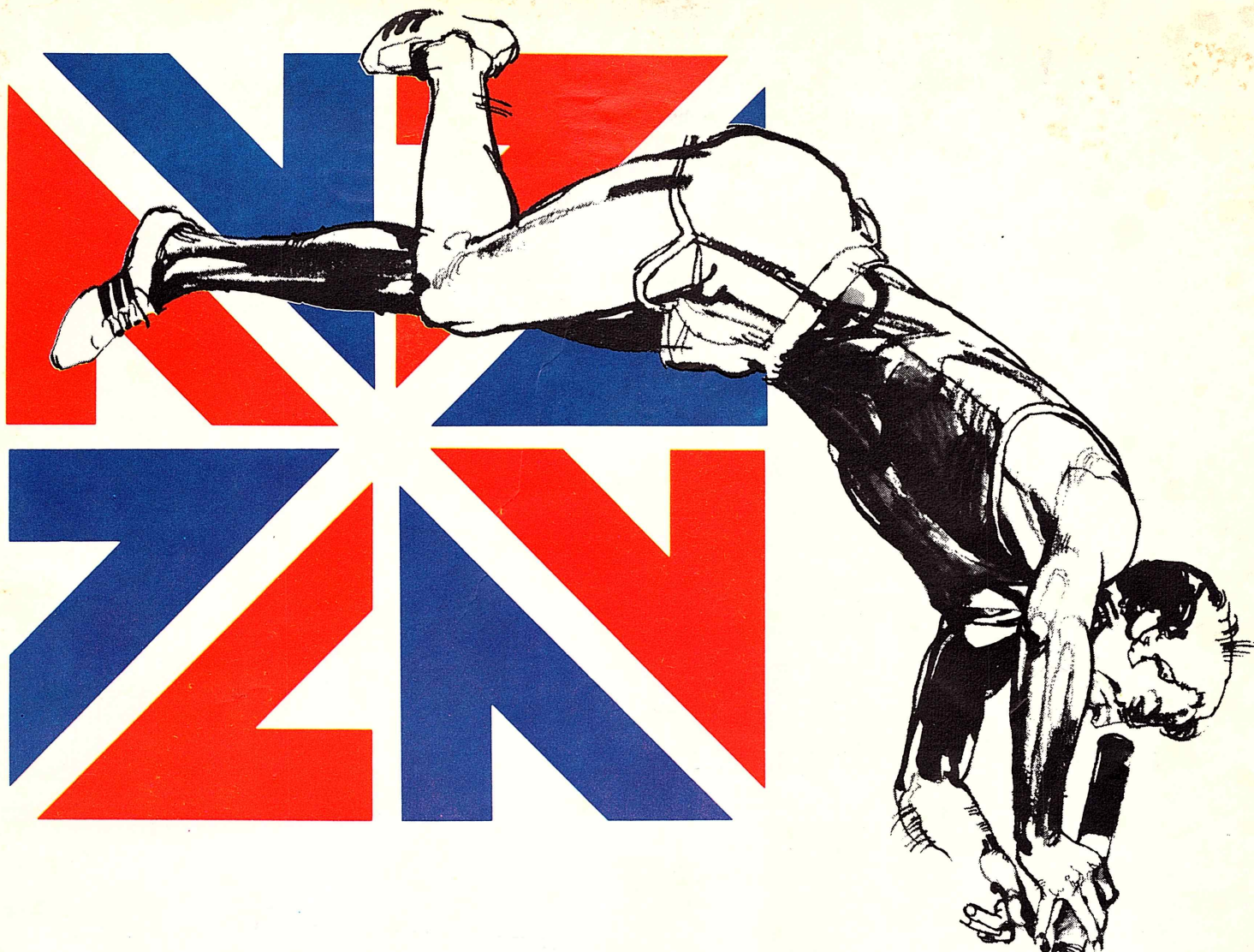
L.B. ('JACK') STOHR, Taranaki (1908-14), North Island (1912, 1914), N.Z. Army (in U.K. and South Africa, 1919) and All Black (1910 tour of Australia, 1913 tour of U.S.A.—15 games) wing-threequarter and goal-kicker extraordinary—at Johannesburg, South Africa, early August, aged 83.

JOHN RAMSDEN, Otago (1909-15) Plunket Shield cricketer, life member Carisbrook C.C. (and Christchurch Golf Club), member N.Z. Cricket Council (1930-47)—at Christchurch, August 12, aged 94.

GEORGE SULLIVAN, Taranaki athlete and rugby footballer, N.Z. hop, step and jump (1930, 1931), long jump (1931) and javelin (1931) champion, Taranaki rugby representative threequarter (1931-33), leading referee (including 4th test, N.Z. v. British Isles, 1950) and brother of 1936-38 All Black and present chairman of N.Z.R.F.U. Council, Jack Sullivan—at New Plymouth, August 13, aged 66.

KIM NEWCOMBE, Auckland, 500cc world motor cycling championship contender, died during week following crash in practice lap for British round of world Formula 750 championship (on Silverstone circuit)—at Northampton, England, August 16, aged 29.

VICTOR JAMES GOTLIEB, Raurimu, ex-Wellington B. (1937, 1940-2 games), Marlborough (1944-3 games), South Island Air Force (v. North Is., 1943) and Centurions Club (Life Member) rugby forward, Wellington swimming representative, judge and selector, member Maranui Surf Lifesaving Club (Wellington) and golfer—at Waikanae (Wellington), August 20, aged 57.



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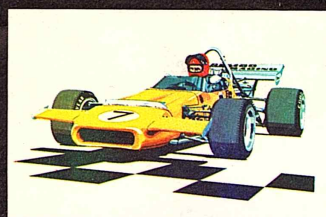
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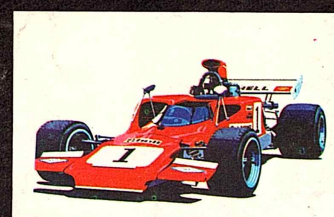


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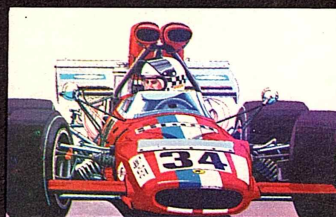
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